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MRS SEEGO'S OPPORTUNITY.

LADIES' JOURNAL

September,
1895.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh full glad,
That he had banished hunger, which to fore
Had by the vitals oft pinched him sore.
Upon his head a wreath that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits which earth had yold.

—Spenser.

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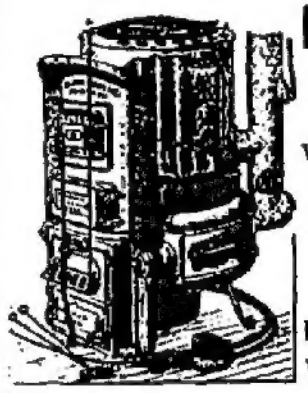

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EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

THE LADIES JOURNAL

VOL. XV. No. 9. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1895. $1.00 PER YEAR.

For The Ladies' Journal.

Autumn.

Song and singing soon are over
For no longer song birds hover,
Up above the fragrant clover:
Through the meadow passed the reaper
Where the grass grew deep and deeper,
Now the sparrow calleth only
From the meadow, bare and lonely,
And the wind goes sadly sighing
For the summer that is dying.

Faded are dawn's rosy blushes,
Fall the leaves all hectic flushes,
From the pool where grows the rushes,
There floats many a plaintive note
A minor cord in dismal rote.
Song and singing soon are ended,
Joy and sadness close are blended.
Early shadows bend and hover
Up above the faded clover.

—WYNDOM BROWN.

ONE NIGHT.

PREPARATIONS for the long night watch are all complete. Shutters have been gently closed, curtains quietly drawn; every movement having reference to the pain racked nerves of the dear sufferer whose form is so sharply outlined beneath the white coverlet of the bed.

The light stand, happily hidden behind the screen during the day, is drawn close to the bedside, holding the necessary articles for the night's requirements.

The light of one gas burner, subdued by its shade, leaves the room in a soft twilight very soothing and sleep inducing; while the cheerful grate, centre of a circle of living light, robs the obscurity of any hint of gloom, comforting with the feeling of both parent and nurse.

Like everything else, however, in this room the blazing firelight has to be carefully attended to, lest the fantastic shadows are apt to prove disturbing to those weary wakeful eyes, and the much needed rest is interfered with.

The brighter and redder the coals glow, the more possibility there is that some phantom, with one arm very likely menacingly extended, will emerge from the unlightened closet corner, creep along unsteadily until it meets another of its kind, probably a headless object with one leg, and then they will bow and courtesy and threaten each other until the staring eyes on the bed reveal the disturbing pantomime. Then the arm chair and flower stand, cause of this distressing display, are ignominiously banished to safe corners where the shadows hold undisputed possession.

But try as the thoughtful watcher may, these children of the night will not "out at her bidding."

They are continually appearing and re-appearing in the most unexpected manner. The vase on the table, a perfume bottle on the mantel, the corner of a picture frame, anything however insignificant and innocent in the daylight seems quite capable of conspiring to make the wall a picture gallery of disturbing objects. Particularly when it takes but one or two strokes of the cathedral bell to tell the hour, do they crowd and throng in from the surrounding darkness, until everything grows indistinct and uncertain, becoming as unreal as they themselves.

"The little Autumn maiden with hair of yellow gold."

And then the very darkest of all shadows draws closer and closer, benumbing and chilling the very springs of life, attracting the fire on the hearth and shrouding everything in its funeral gloom.

Nothing but the sunshine of the Eternal Day can banish it, for it is the "shadow of death."

Night is only just beginning, and the children wait to say their loving good-night.

The smile is very faint that greets them as they gather around "mother's bed," but there is the same love and tenderness in it that ever made it so precious. Tommy bends down and kisses the placid brow, while she murmurs "my boy."

He is the oldest, a grayed haired D. D., president of a theological institute, but he is just "my boy" to her.

Sam holds her poor wrinkled hand, and with a strange break in his voice says "dear mother." Although he is a railroad manager, she is his mother and he loves her. While Polly, always pretty Polly, though a middle aged woman with grown children of her own, kneels by the bedside and lays her face close to the thin white cheek, with a great sob of love and regret for all that is slipping so surely away from them. They comprehend the wistful look that rests for a moment on the Bible on the stand, and Tom repeats a few verses from the beloved book which had been her guide and comfort all these four score years of: "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on the other side of the river was there the tree of life, which bear twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

"And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him.

"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever."

The flame of life burn so feebly that only a few words of prayer, commending her to the keeping of the Beloved, may be allowed.

Loving words and clinging caresses, through tears that may not be wholly repressed, are given, and she is left alone with the faithful watcher.

Outside the door they cling to each other like little children for she is their mother, and she is dying.

After a time the excited nerves are quieted, the usual calm restored and the tired eyes close wearily. The breathing gradually is less labored; features lose their look of suffering, becoming peacefully calm, and she sleeps. From long

experience the watcher needs no time-piece to tell the time of midnight.

The echoes from the city streets may be relied on surely and always. It is nine o'clock now, and though there is no noticeable difference in the volume of sound coming up from the pavement, there is in the quality.

The business spring and stride of the day and early evening is largely missing. More latterly, or it may be more wearily, the steps move as though the days work being accomplished, and the home resting time near, a few more moments might safely be taken in the walk hitherwards.

There are breaks in the steps too, she can tell just where they occur. The milliners shop, two doors down, attracts its own particular admirers; while in front of the book store, just above, there is a continual halt as old and young gaze on the art collection exposed within. The street-car bells have a sleepy sound, as if hinting that it was time honest people were homeward bound. The news-boys cry is gradually growing fainter, and Glode, Mail, Telegram and News are heard only in the distance, as tired little feet creep to their night's shelter, where for a few short hours the struggle for bread may be forgotten in sleep.

Ten o'clock. Lecture, concert and opera halls are giving out their crowds. Carriages roll swiftly by and pedestrians hurry past.

The throngs quickly disappear, however, and by eleven the streets have become so deserted that the policeman's tread is easily recognizable. And now the watcher arises. She has had a restful sleep and is in consequence refreshed. Medicine is administered and other kindly offices performed. When these are attended to and the fire brightened it is past twelve.

The great throbbing heart of the city is quiet at last, and silence, only broken by an occasional foot-fall, has possession of its streets and avenues.

But there are now and then sounds of unsteady footsteps, as if the feet had started from the saloon just round the corner and were trying to make their uncertain way home. But once they go in contact with the night patrol, then there came up the sound of hoarse altercation, mingled with horrible oaths and curses. There was heard the policeman's club, and some mother's boy or girl, for the first or perhaps the hundredth time, was borne away to the cells.

Another one would be herded with crime tonight, to wake up in the morning to sorrow and shame more bitter than death.

At two. The city is in a deep sleep that comes before it is to think of awakening. The electric light burns blue, shivering and starting at its own shadows.

A loitering step is heard sometimes, as of one moving simply for the sake of motion, with no home to draw in any particular direction.

The sick one wakes. "Is it nearly morning?" she asks faintly, and the nurse replies hopefully that the night is wearing away.

A strengthening draught is given, the hot pillows changed, and the nerveless hands and face receives a refreshing bath —and the failing heart beats are revived. "No night there?" the aged lips murmur faintly. "They are so long here, so long; I am so glad the Book says there is no night there, and that Tommy read it last night; no night there?" and she seemed to quietly sleep again.

It was four o'clock now. The night workers in printing and other offices were going wearily homewards. There was a perceptible stir in the streets. The city was getting ready to wake up. Passengers were hurrying to catch early trains and the business of the day was really beginning.

The newsboys were after the still damp sheets of the morning dailies, and the milkmen were starting on their rounds. It was time to draw back the curtains and open the shutters.

Crimson clouds in the eastern sky seemed to be unfolding to let the day appear, while like golden steps there appeared a pathway leading right up to heavens of heavens.

"God is very good," the nurse said reverently, "and heaven is not afar off."

She turned to the dear one on the bed, lying with eyes wide open apparently watching the crimson dawn that she had longed so for. There was such a look of perfect peace and satisfied gladness that it was with a sharp exclamation the nurse bent over to raise her up. But there was no life left in the worn out body. She had indeed gone up the golden pathway to the eternal morning, and for her there was no more night. —S. E. Branscombe.

LOVE OF FINGER RINGS.

A ring has always been associated with marriages from time immemorable. The bard sings of his love for his "fair ladye" being as "endless as the ring." The engagement ring is, perhaps, the most genuinely interesting bit of jewelry a woman can wear, and then there is always the strong possibility of her having a variety, though as an emblem of marriage it was introduced by the Christian church as many suppose.

Before the introduction of coinage, the only circulation of Egyptian gold was in the form of rings, and the Egyptian, at his marriage, placed one of these rings of gold on his bride's finger as a token of intrusting her with all his property. In our marriage ceremony we but follow this custom.

Some of the birthday rings are wonderfully unique, the various lucky stones being set lightly on tiny wire of gold. Friendship rings are less popular than of yore, though occasionally one sees them worn by a loyal devotee of the pretty old custom. The lover's knot is the most common, being either in silver or gold and very slender.

The Fede ring presents several features of interest, being composed of two flat hoops accurately fitting, each within the other, and kept in place by a corresponding projection on either extreme edge, so that the two form, to all appearances, one body.

A name is engraved on each, or a line of a distich in old French. The idea being, should the two friends separate, each could wear a single hoop (as they are easily separated), and thus be a means of recognition when again compared.

"With joints so close as not to be perceived, yet are they both each other's counterpart."

The quaint, old-time hair rings are no longer seen; their oddity was more noteworthy than their beauty; they are "heirlooms" in every sense. It would seem odd in so small a thing as the wearing of gold rings, yet in olden days there were various laws held by the Romans as to the wearing of these jeweled baubles. Tiberius made a large property qualification necessary to their wearing; the right was given to old Roman soldiers by Severus. The only ornaments worn by the knights under Augustus were ancient rings of iron, which were later held as a badge of servitude, an express decree of the state being necessary to rightfully wear a solid gold ring.

Ambassadors to foreign missions were invested with golden circles as a mark of great respectabilty; these were issued by the treasury with much ceremony, not even the senators being allowed to wear them in private life.

The earliest use of rings and the form which they most generally took was of the nature of a signet, and was used to give authenticity to documents before the art of writing was known to any but professional scribes. But they soon became symbols of power and authority, and we remember the duke in "Twelfth Night" sent his ring by Viola to his mistress Olivia as a token that all power was designated to the holder of the ring. The signet was used by merchants as their own private mark, equivalent to our trade mark, and, moreover, was the only form rings took for a very long period. A form of signets introduced in Egypt to the Etruscans was a gold swivel ring, mounted with a scarab.

A curious form of ring found in Greek tombs are for the dead, a provision never made in these days; they are hollow and light, and set with round convex pastes; many of these were so thin that it was necessary to fill them with mastic varnish to preserve their shape.

Poison was inserted in the hollow rings of the Romans. A story is related by Pliny that after the golden treasure had been stolen by Crasseus from under the stone of the Capitoline, Jupiter, the custodian, to escape torture, broke the gem of his ring in his mouth, expiring immediately from the effects of the poison secreted in it.

A curious ring of Venetian workmanship (and one which could only have been worn on ceremonial occasions) is the Jewish wedding ring of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, being an elaborate structure. The bezel bearing a conventional representation of the ark, a temple, with inscriptions in Hebrew characters on either side.

A highly elaborate form of Jewish wedding ring has projecting sockets, from which hang small rings; a very cumbersome finger ornament.

The cost of these rings must have been great, not only from the amount of metal used, but the exquisite workmanship, on which account one would have been loth to see them consigned to the melting pot, as did the women of Prussia during the war of liberation in 1813, who, in lack of other coin, contributed their wedding rings, receiving in return those made of iron, bearing the legend, "Ich gebe geld fur eisern."

The puzzle rings are ingeniously contrived, the four hoops comprising the ring being separate, and fall to pieces when removed from the finger. These were the work of the old Indian goldsmiths. Much of beauty and symbolism is shown in the peasant rings.

Innocent III., in 1194, settled the fashion of the episcopal ring, who ordained that it should be one of gold and set with one precious stone, on which nothing was to be cut. The annular finger of the right hand is the one to bear this singularly symbolic ornament, and bishops never wear more than one, though the portrait of Pope Julius II. is represented as wearing six rings.

According to Durandus, the Episcopal ring was symbolical of perfect fidelity, of the duty of sealing and revealing, and, lastly, of the gift of the Holy Ghost.

A massive ring of bronze gilt, the square bezel being set with a green chalcedony and emblazoned with St. Marks in relief, on each side of the shoulders shields of arms, represents a papal ring of the XV. century, and was given by popes to new made cardinals.

Another most interesting ring was the property of Alhastan, bishop of Sheborne, and was found at Llysfaen, in the northeast part of Carnarvonshire, in 1773. It is gold and very massive, the hoop being formed of eight divisions, alternately circular and lozenge shaped, nielloed and inscribed "Alheta."

A ring said to have been given by Charles I. to Bishop Juxon on the day of his execution has the sentiment, "Rather death than fals fayth," engraved on its bezel.

Falstaff boasts that in his youth he was "slender enough to creep into any alderman's ring," which shows that this style is dated from the XIV. to the XVII. centuries. Every one knows of the poison ring of Demosthenes, and the one by which Hannibal killed himself, with its hollow bezel filled with deadly poison.

It is well to know that a choice orange, both peel and pulp, sliced covered with fragrant hot tea, makes a beverage fit for the gods.

'BIJAH'S WEDDIN'.

—For The Ladies' Journal.

BY E. B.

What a commotion in the farm-house, for days and weeks previous to this event! To how many secret conclaves was I invited, and unanimously installed as Chairwoman of the Council, for was I not the school mis'ess,—magic title, conferring upon its possessor the social sovereignity of Low Dale as of all rural districts in the far west!

The wedding was to take place "at the residence of the bridegroom's father," which had also served in the capacity of a boarding house during my sojourn in Low Dale. The bride elect was a young woman of some nineteen summers who had come from the East a twelve-month before, and had been "living with" various farmers' wives in the neighborhood, for in the West a girl never "hires out," and the word servant is unknown. Great, great is the dignity of labor in these remote regions!

The prospective bridegroom was a dark, round-headed, rather surly-looking young fellow, rejoicing in the alliterative name of Abijah (almost invariably shortened to Bije) Adams. He was about two inches and a half shorter than his fiancee, of whom he was very much enamored, if one might judge from their unbroken proximity to each other at the various Sunday-school picnics which constituted almost the sole recreation indulged in by the good people of Low Dale during the busy summer months.

On these festive occasions a swain who was known to be "keeping company" with any fair nymph, was supposed to pay no attention whatever to any other damsel. It sometimes happened that some luckless wight so far forgot what was due to the liege lady of his affections as to indulge in a few country jokes with some buxom lassie whom perhaps he had "gone with" at some previous period of his amorous career. This usually proved quite sufficient to arouse the ever-ready jealousy of his fair companion who frequently retaliated by getting some other admirer to drive her home.

But no such deplorable misunderstandings occurred between our hero and his fair inamorata. It might almost be doubted if theirs could be true love, its course ran so very smoothly. Regularly every Sunday afternoon Abijah brought out the yellow-geared top-buggy, drove in great state to the house where Jemima was "living," and escorted her to church. Occasionally he brought her to spend Sunday afternoon at the paternal residence, where she was always received with great cordiality by Ma Adams, a tall, thin, anxious-looking woman who must have been quite pretty before thirty years' toiling on a Western farm and thirty years' exposure to Western winds had worn and blown it all away, leaving only the faintest traces of what might have been. One would be inclined to think that the pleasure of Jemima's Sunday out might be somewhat marred by the facetious antics of a swarm of little brothers and sisters, but it was all borne with blushing, good-natured equanimity.

"Say, Cad, I know who Bije's girl is!" one little greenish-eyed imp sings out at the top of her voice. Jemima begins to blush.

"Who?" asks Cad with an air of great innocence.

"It's J-i-m-i m-a-y K-r-a-i-n," spells Em slowly.

Jemima giggles and 'Bijah declares indignantly though bashfully, "Ma, if yer don't make them kids behave theirselves I'll shet them up in the shed till after supper."

This threat, especially the latter clause, produces a momentary lull. Presently Bobby, more familiarly known as the "bad one," who contains somewhere in his lank, bony young frame, the germ of a comedian, induces one of his little sisters to seat herself beside him on the old, wooden, rag-carpet covered settee, and without a smile on his mischievous, sallow, little face, begins in imitation of his big brother to make love to her in the most approved Low Dale fashion. This elicits such howls and cheers of merriment from the crowd of admiring urchins that Father Adams appears on the scene. Exit speedily the bad one, and his impish following; unwonted silence reigns; 'Bijah "hitches his chair up nigher," and the happy couple are left to the enjoyment of uninterrupted bliss for the time.

Father Adams, or Da as he was called on the rare occasions when he was addressed by any of his numerous offsprings, was a crusty, iron-gray old man, who had been so long a tiller of the soil that his very heart seemed to be of the earth earthy. He seldom spoke to any of his lesser olive branches except to command silence, consequently when he hove in sight the noisy little crew decamped immediately. Between him and 'Bijah there was little sympathy beyond their common devotion to the soil. Poor 'Bijah had never outgrown his early disinclination to a conference with the paternal magnate, and still, as in his childhood, made an ambassadress of his long-suffering mother when he had any affairs to be transacted at court.

One evening Ma Adams entered my cell with "important news" written on every line of her face and figure, and in a mysterious whisper and with many cautious glances about the room as if the walls had visible ears, confided to me the tremendous secret that "'Bijah and Jemima were to be married in two weeks."

I showed a becoming amount of surprise and interest. "Is it not a rather sudden idea?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she explained, "but yeh see Jemima's time is up at Mis' Hicky's and she don' want to take a place anywhere else, so's there's a slack time now before the fall ploughin' commences, they thought now'd be jest as handy a time as they could get."

I acquiesced in the reasonableness of this proposition, and ventured a guess that "they would probably be married at her brother's house; as I knew he was her only relative in the place.

"Well, no," she answered somewhat reluctantly, "yeh see Jemimay's brother hez alwuz done all he could agin Bije; wanted her to go with Tom Hanks, and his wife and Jemimay don't hitch well nuther, so we thought it 'ud better be here, and," she finished up with a resigned sigh, "'Bijah dreads to tell his Da so I s'pose I'll hev to."

I strove to restrain a characteristic giggle, and to conceal my ill-timed mirth promptly offered my humble services in the preparations for the coming festivities.

Ma Adams, who belonged to that class of females now fortunately becoming extinct, who look upon matrimony as the be-all and the end-all of life, was in her element during the ensuing weeks. The Bad One was duly despatched in the buggy for Jemima, who came laden with parcels of "dry goods," several paper patterns, and an antediluvian fashion plate.

Ah! then and there were hurrying to and fro. In a surprisingly short space of time the wedding garment, a light, bilious shade of brown cashmere—was in process of construction, while the Bad One in great glee waged direful war upon the geese and turkeys, charging with a thrilling war-whoop into the midst of the panic-stricken flocks, his uncut tow hair flying wildly in the wind, and presently appearing at the kitchen door with a fresh victim in his gory young hands.

During those eventful days the Bad One was a treasure indeed to his over-wrought family. He was a hewer of wood and drawer of water to an unlimited extent, not the least arduous of his many duties being to act as sentinel to give the alarm if any of the "neighbors" bore down upon the house, on visiting—and possibly prying—thoughts intent. Then would a general stampede ensue, the fair Jemima gathering up her tell-tale finery and flying to the upper regions, while Ma Adams whisks out of sight all lingering traces of hymeneal anticip itions and receives the visitor in her flat-chested, sombre-hued gown and white apron, with badly feigned unconsciousness.

This extreme secrecy, springing doubtless from maiden modesty on Jemima's part, seemed rather superfluous in view of the fact that some few days before the nuptials were to be consummated the contrasting parties themselves had driven about the neighborhood and in person had requested the pleasure of the company, etc., of those who were bidden to the marriage feast.

Truly, love has for a time of longer or shorter duration much the same effect in every walk of life. With what a deliciously dreamy smile Jemima sat stitching away at her trousseau, occasionally breaking out into snatches of Sankey's Hymns as a vent for her happy feelings! Sometimes in the exuberance of her joy and satisfaction at attaining the summit of her ambition, Jemima became confidential informing me with a glance of mingled triumph and commiseration at my own unwed condition, that "she had alwuz wanted that she should be married before she was twenty; she had ruther die than be an ole maid."

At length the much-talked-of evening arrived. The nuptial knot was to be inextricably tied at eight o'clock, and at six a very hasty supper was prepared to still the clamors of the young ones, after which hurried refection they were put through a process of soap and watering which left their sun-burnt little faces brilliant and glistening. Their heads were then relieved from the yellow curl papers that had been doing duty for twenty-four hours, to the manifest discomfort of the poor little curlees; they were formally inducted into the new pink calico frocks, freshly starched and ironed for the occasion, and then escorted to hard wooden seats in a remote corner, with many injunctions to "see that they kept theirselves out of people's ways and their tongues still."

Like other public benefactors, poor Bobby's days of heroic service were forgotten, and he was ignominiously relegated to the corner with the rest of the "small fry," for which indignity even his new thick-soled cow-hide shoes could not console him, till, seizing a favorable opportunity, he threw up the window near his enforced retreat, sprang through and, notwithstanding a spiteful "Ma! Bob's gone!" from Cad, was seen no more until the presence of the guests made his re-capture impracticable.

About this time the two married daughters arrived, each with a fat bald baby and her best dishes and spoons to supplement the home supply which it was feared might prove inadequate. Then after a general inspection of the trousseau, the fat babies were handed over to the husbands who had found their way in, and the married daughters, having donned long white aprons, bustled about energetically, helping ma improvise a long table out of three short ones, to cover them with a cloth eked out in the same fashion, and to place thereon the best stone-china dishes, turning the plates bottom upward a la Low Dale mode. Then the bride's cake, five storeys high and decorated on the attic storey with a large bunch of raisins covered with white sugar, a great triumph of ma's culinary skill, was brought out, duly admired for the twentieth time and placed carefully in the position of honor in the centre of the table, where it was speedily joined by pies, cakes, and cookies of many and

various species, with a cold roast goose at each end of the table which groaned beneath its unaccustomed weight of edibles, for Ma Adams, being as her neighbor's averred "a little near," was wont to maintain her little flock on the products of the farm with very little assistance from the grocer.

Meantime Bobby the ubiquitous had by much skilful manœuvering succeeded in purloining several goodly pieces of cake from the pantry, executing a pas suel with his heavy little boots as soon as he had attained a safe distance after each undiscovered foray. To do him justice part of the spoil was surreptitiously passed through the window to the little captives who received and pocketed it with a prudently concealed satisfaction.

About seven o'clock the guests began to arrive, the blushing Jemima and a young lady who was to officiate as bridesmaid retired from observation. Some of the neighbors living within the radius of a mile or two came on foot ; some from a distance in wagons, the representatives of two or three families coming together in a heavy farm wagon, the rumbling of which could be heard for some time before it appeared in sight; young yeomen and their "adored" came wheeling smartly up in light buggies with the tops let down.

As each young lady entered the "sitting-room," she made her way more or less bashfully up to the hostess, and, after shaking hands and making an inane remark or two about the weather, produced a package which she remarked deprecatingly was "a little somethin' she had brought for a weddin' present." A table covered with a white cloth had been prepared in the corner of the room in anticipation of these donations, which were immediately arranged thereon, presenting a goodly array of glass pitchers and butter-dishes, aluminum tea-spoons, pink glass vases, a couple of small lamps, a yellow-china hen with a green nest, towels, table-cloths, and a variety of other articles, useful rather than ornamental.

Fully twenty minutes before the appointed hour, the last of the expected guests had arrived with his or her wedding garment on, the girls bedecked with a quantity of white cotton lace in delicate reference to the nature of the occasion, and the boys conspicuous in large yellow ties and handkerchiefs redolent of Jockey Club, much affected by the dandies of Low Dale.

A row of chairs had been placed along either side of the room, and on these the company arranged itself, the feminine portion all flocking to one side, while the masculine element took possession of the other. Then a somewhat constrained silence ensued, broken at long intervals by a general remark made to no one in particular by some hapless young fellow who crimsoned to the roots of his hair when all eyes were turned in his direction and heartily wished he hadn't spoken.

"What'll yeh do ef the meenister doan't coom, 'Bijah, me boy?" asked old Uncle Nat Henrys with a facetious leer. The mere mention of such a disaster evidently rendered 'Bijah speechless, he reddened, grinned, and said nothing.

"It'll be your turn nixt," whispers Tom Hanks to Sam Colles, who is known to be "keeping company" with the young lady in the centre of the opposite row. This calls forth a roar from one row and a titter from the other, while Sam and his fiancee exchange sheepish but amorous glances.

Presently somebody noticing the little-weak-voiced organ against the wall proposes some music "till the minister comes," which proposition being received with hearty approbation, Tom Hanks whose musical talent is quite notorious is called upon to furnish a song for the entertainment of the company. Tom refuses at first, to enhance the value of the favor, then protests that "he would with the greatest of animosity but he don't know any songs, honest injun," but finally allows himself to be persuaded into seating himself on the organ stool, when he demands "what will they have?" in a tone which implies an inexhaustible repertoire at their service. The choice being left entirely to his own discretion, he plays on the treble with one finger a line or two of several ancient airs, then announnces that he will sing "a new song he heerd the other day," and amid an expectant silence breaks forth into the entrancing strains of "After the Ball."

In the midst of the applause elicited by this performance, the minister arrives and after a short conference with his reverence, 'Bijah and his best man ascend to the upper regions and bring down the blushing Jemima and her attendant nymph while a low murmur of admiration goes around the room.

Then the minister opens his book and 'Bijah avows his determination to "take Jemima," and Jemima "takes Abijah," in orthodox style, doing it bravely too, and almost audibly, with nothing to mar the felicity of the taking except that 'Bijah had almost placed the ring on the wrong hand which blunder somewhat disturbs his tranquility during the remainder of the ceremony.

After a great deal of kissing, handshaking as it were the handle of a pump, and "wishing much joy" in the stereotyped Low Dale formula, the company repairs in a procession two deep to the lean-to kitchen, which had been emptied, swept, and garnished with tissue paper flowers to serve as a banqueting-hall.

The demolition of Ma Adams' array of dainties proves a very serious business, to judge from the solemnity that prevails while they are being dispatched. At one end of the table the clergyman maintains a discourse with mine host on the Separate School question, an unfortunate topic which rouses the irascible old man's temper to white heat and he delivers his sentiments in a key several octaves higher than is usually considered good form at a dinner-table. This lively discussion is quite unheeded by the majority of the diners, who preserve for the most part a decorous silence except for the "will you have some of this?" and the "yes, please," or "no thanks !" as one dish succeeding another at brief intervals is passed from one to another around the table, or an occasional irrelevant remark from some bashful swain who plucks up courage to endeavor to entertain the young lady whom he has taken in.

All tongues are loosed however, and a general murmur goes round the table when the bride's cake is cut, for it is known that a ring has been concealed therein, and a pleasing superstition prevails that she to whose lot the ring falls will herself be lead to the hymeneal altar before another twelve month has flown.

Amid much merriment the fatal cake is handed around, several young ladies protesting it is great foolishness, and they don't believe there's anything in it, but using extreme caution nevertheless when their turn comes "to try their luck." One young lady raises her eyes to the ceiling as if to invoke guidance while she carefully abstracts a small slice, and another, forgetful of "her manners," dislodges several ordinary-looking squares and oblongs to secure a suspicious looking triangle from the centre of the plate.

Presently Bobby who has been a much-interested spectator from the pantry-door sings out in his shrill, eager little voice. "Hurrah ! Jane's got it ! Jane Lee's got it," and falls into a series of convolutions, till catching his mother's threatening eye he promptly subsides; while the fortunate Jane, who has red hair and freckles and has never been known to have an "admirer" in her life, after much coaxing exhibits her trophy with a great deal of coyness and modesty, and receives a cold stare from her bosom friend—the young lady of the triangle—who whispers to the pious young lady that "Jane looks an awful fright in that brownish dress, and why ever does she wear it with that red hair," to which the pious young lady replies snappishly that "she'd look an awful fright in anything."

By this time Da Adams, having finished his political discussion and his dinner at the same time, rises as is his custom to take his pipe from the clock-shelf for his evening smoke, and then there is a simultaneous adjournment to the "sitting-room," where at first there appears some danger of the two "gender-rows" being again formed, but this catastrophe is happily averted by somebody's proposing games. A young lady of a literary turn of mind proposes a game of "Noted People," but this is voted "too slow" and is over-ruled in favor of "Jacob and Rachel" from which the literary young person retires in disdain.

Jane Lee, by virtue of her ring, is unanimously elected by the girls to personate Rachel, and in spite of her distressed protestations, is blindfolded by the bosom friend who ties the handkerchief very tightly indeed ; then she is stationed in the centre of the room while the others circle round with hands joined, till Rachel pointing at random selects Tom Hanks who steps into the ring as Jacob. Then Rachel calls "Jacob, where art thou?" to which Jacob replies in a feigned voice, "Here am I!" then dodges to another part of the ring, so that when Rachel rushes at the place where the "Here am I" seemed to emanate the would-be patriarch is missing and the mournful query must be repeated.

Now, Jacob being a very agile patriarch indeed, and moreover answering the wistful calls of his spouse so that his voice seems to proceed from various points simultaneously, Rachel invariably pounced with outstretched arms in an exactly opposite direction from the truant Jacob, to the great delight of the pious girl who giggled audibly at each failure till Jacob good-naturedly allows himself to be caught and blind-folded preparatory to choosing a Rachel which by a just retribution chanced to be the pious girl.

Thus the game goes merrily on, the literary person reading diligently all the while with much ostentatious turning of leaves from a three weeks' old Northwest Magazine.

When the pleasures of "Jacob and Rachel," have somewhat palled, an exciting "Squirrel" chase ensues. and here Bobby is a shining light indeed ; when he is the "squirrel" not even Tom Hanks can get near him, whereas when he is the "dog" the unlucky squirrel is soon come up with and caught, when, if the victim chances to be of the female persuasion, Bobby never neglects to imprint a sounding salute upon her rosy cheek, notwithstanding the terribly portentous frowns and headshakings he receives every time Ma Adams can succeed in catching his fleeting glance, for as he remarks philosophically to Lem Winters, "he knows he'll git it like thunderation to-morrow anyway and he may just as well keep on." So he wisely banishes all care for the morrow, and enjoys himself very much, especially delighting in the squeak ! squeak ! of the new thick-soled boots which sound to great advantage as he prances about on the thinly-carpeted floor.

When a goodly number of squirrels had been caught, a game of "Post Office" follows, in which the literary person consents to join, till in the melee Jemima receives a very unbridelike bump on the alabaster brow, after which all sit down in groups of two to rest, and Bobby announces that he will favor them with a song.

Upon this Ma Adams, with proper maternal pride in the accomplishments of her offspring. summons two other little "stars" to join him. The poor little lasses, nothing loath to escape from their enforced passivity, and full of confidence in curls and new frocks, mince primly forward to their leader, who intimates to them in an aside that they will sing The Cowboy first, and after a preliminary clearing of throats and nudging each other to begin, the two shrill little voices break forth into the lively strains of that

soul-stirring ballad, accenting very strongly the second syllable of each line, the rest chiefly in monotone :—

"When I went to Gladstone,
To Gladstone's fair city,
I spied a young cowboy all dressed in fine linen,
All dressed in fine Linen,
Prepared for his grave."

Bobby coming in grandly on the chorus :

"Take me to the Prairie,
And throw the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy, I know I've done wrong, etc."

This song being loudly "an-koared," the small choristers promptly respond with Hold the Fort, Bobby as before reserving his harsh little treble for the chorus with telling effect. The audience, being by this time deeply absorbed in low-toned tete-a-tetes, forget to applaud, so the young warblers, somewhat disconcerted by this chilling want of appreciation, quietly disband and are ordered off to bed at once, a command which is received by the little girls with dismay, and by Bobby with calm indifference.

Soon after somebody makes the discovery that it is eighteen minutes past three, and thereupon the party begins to break up. The girls get on their wraps and stand around the table discussing the wedding presents and inviting each other to "come over" till their carriages are announced, then shaking hands all round they drive off commenting on the bride's appearance und so weiter in the orthodox way.

Then, as the train which was to bear the happy couple to an aunt's some leagues distant was due at five o'clock at the station five miles off, the hired man brought out the farm wagon, duly fitted up with a spring seat; 'Bijah tenderly wrapped a large shawl about his bride for the nights were already cold, assisted her to climb in over the front wheel, and they drove rumbling off to begin their wedding "tower."

When the echoes of the wheels had died away, Ma Adams went back into the house and looked at the wedding presents again, sighing to think how much extra work awaited her on the morrow; while Bobby judiciously taking off the squeaky new shoes stole up to bed and began to snore almost before his tired little head had touched the pillow.

ON THE HUBBELL HILL.

She had the most beautiful eyes that ever looked love into a mother's face. They were hazel eyes, white lidded, dark lashed, liquidly brilliant, too, although their expression was one of gentleness. This gentleness her admirers found very appealing. And as many admired her as pitied her. And all loved her. Then, too, she had golden brown hair that clustered in a thousand shining rings over her small head. She had a frail little body and a limping step. Her tiny right hand could neither grasp nor hold. She was almost 3 years of age and had spoken no word. But she understood all that was spoken to her and was delightfully gay when she was not suffering and had such shy, quiet, fond little ways she crept into the hearts of all who knew her and nestling therein found many homes.

She had two brothers and a sister, but the one she loved best was Jim. He was her elder brother of 8. He was tall and strong for his age. He had brown hair and blue eyes and a sudden smile that was very pleasant to see. There were those who said he was obstinate ; some averred he was occasionally sullen ; a few declared he lacked affection. But all such critics, and especially the latter, had never observed him with his little half-crippled sister.

When he put on his cap to go to school and cried, "Good-by, Rosemarie!" giving her a wee peek of a kiss with a sidelong glance around to see if any one was noticing him, her little mouth —the lips a very pale pink at their best—would quiver down at the corners. Not that she cried —any more than that Jim made his devotion to her ostentatious.

But how she would listen for his voice or footstep on his return! How her delicate face would light and sparkle and her laughter bubble up and over in a joyous, musical fountain till one felt that the exquisite welcome she offered no words could have more flatteringly expressed.

"Come, Rosemarie," he would cry, putting aside books and slate, "Jim will play with you."

Then the gay times they had! He turning somersets for her delight or pretending to fall at a push from her little sound left hand.

"O," he would cry, "you have knocked poor Jim down, Rosemarie!"

And Rosemarie's delicious little laugh would peal out triumphantly.

At times when Jim was reading, for he was a boy who could find a right good comrade in a book, she used to come up and, standing beside him, would put her head on his knee. There she would remain motionless a long time, content if he but touched with an occasional caress her silken brown curls.

Jim was very proud of her pluck and endurance, which really were extraordinary in view of her extreme delicacy. She fell frequently—the natural result of the partial paralysis which had claimed her in babyhood. Sometimes she was severely hurt. But although she trembled up very, very white indeed she never cried. "She's the bravest little girl in the world," Jim said.

And Jim knew.

Once Jim went away for a week. By the household in general he was not much missed. But the little sister was so sad! She used to walk around the room with her halting tread and stand at the window gazing out, an utterably lonely little figure. In those days the brilliance of her wonderful eyes was pathetically misted. but when Jim returned there was the same old eager, if feeble, rush to meet him ; the same old gentle boisterousness and happy days over again!

But there came a certain chill March morning when Rosemarie was even paler than usual, and kept falling into singularly heavy sleeps. The doctor was summoned. But all his skill "To save one little life" was vain, for, very quietly, the pretty, afflicted baby fell asleep for the last time in her mother's arms.

They buried her in the graveyard on the Hubbell hill one afternoon when the western sky was at its bluest and the softness of coming spring was in the air. Jim did not cry—before people. He had more than a boy's usual horror of displaying emotion. But his throat pained him many a time when he looked at the vacant blue rocker—a liliputian rocker—and he missed the ecstatic welcome of his frail playmate. Every Sunday he and his mother went up on the hill and covered the little mound with blossoms. Then they would come silently away together, he carrying the empty basket, their hands tightly clasped.

It was a small, scattered, and isolated cemetery. The town from which its dwellers came was new and boasted but a scant population. The road that led to it was steep and winding, but one could come up a picturesque path from the "draw" that flanked its northern verge if one were willing—or able—to wrestle up a steep ascent covered with dwarf oak and pine. There were but few slabs or monuments on the hill. From its eminence one looked down on the commonplace town below, with its school, its church, its square dwellings, all set out, even to the cows, for all the world like a Noah's ark arranged by a child on a green tablecloth.

And around to the south and east and west the prairies billowed—vast surges of yellow and brown and green.

"I am glad Rosemarie is buried on a hill, mamma," Jim said one day.

"Why, dear?"

"O, the hill is so high!" he answered. "It seems nearer God."

April passed. May came. One calm evening Jim ran excited to his mother.

"The graveyard," he panted, "is on fire, mamma!"

She looked up the hill and noted the flames and moving figures.

"Don't mind, dear. Those men are only burning over the old grass that it may come up more fresh and beautiful."

But Jim looked troubled.

"How long before it will come up, mamma?"

"O, it may begin to show in a few days."

He walked thoughtfully away. At supper he had not returned. Inquiries were made at the neighbors' houses. No one had seen him. His mother glanced toward the still half-moldering slope, and a sudden thought came to her. She walked up on the hill. How dreary and bleak the cemetery looked, with the few slabs standing whitely in the midst of the fire-swept sod! And yet—what miracle was here? Had the fire spared one little grave? For out of the universal blackness rose one tiny mound of a fresh and vivid green, by contrast most marvelously fair to see! Amazed, the mother moved slowly forward, knelt beside it. And then she saw that the grass that "folded it over and over" was loose and newly plucked. Tears that were as much of pride as of sorrow welled into her eyes and fell on Rosemarie's grave.

Night was closing in when she reached home. A tired and grimy little boy sat reading by the parlor lamp.

"Where have you been, mamma?"

"Up on the hill, dear."

He colored up to the roots of his short, brown hair, but remained silent.

"You were there before me, Jim."

"Yes, but I swung down by the bushes and came home through the timber. I must have passed you coming down as you went up the road."

"I suppose, so. Rosemarie's grave looks so pretty, Jim."

"O, I couldn't think of it all burnt and black!" he said, standing up with a little impatient gesture. "So I went down in the draw lots of times, and got enough of the green grass to fill my hat —ever so often I went. She loved pretty things so, mamma! She will be glad to know that the soft, bright grass is over her—even if it did not grow on her grave."

Both were silent for awhile. Then his mother put her arm around his shoulder and said in a voice that trembled a little :

"Rosemarie is to-night in 'the beautiful city that lies afar.' I am sure she looks down radiantly on the Hubbell hill. And my heart tells me she thinks the grass you carried up the draw in your hat to make lovely her grave is fairer than any that shall grow upon it in the years that will make you a man."

The Baby's Shoes.

A pair of worn-out veterans
Each night I put to rest :
Two dauntless, bold adventures,
Worn out by tireless quest.

They scurried through the dewy grass
To find a "fo'wer dat growed,"
Then pattered in the deepest dust
That lined the country road,

They went to "hunt the baby calf,"
And caught a splash of mire,
Sailed in the brook and then were dried
Before the kitchen fire.

And many a scratch from many a thorn
These playfellows had won,
Before their time of rest drew near
At setting of the sun.

Yet fair they are to mother's sight,
These bruised and battered pair,
And "Guide these wanderers aright"
Is mother's whispered prayer.

THE MOTHER'S PAGE.

Blanket Street.

A SAYING IN THE "OLD COUNTRY."

O, come with me, baby, to Blanket Street,
'Tis a famous place, dear, for tired feet;
Up Stairway Hill, across Landing Ridge,
Past Bannister Lane and then "Kissing Bridge."
Where somebody always you're sure to meet.

Over the bridges, and at last we are there,
Right in the middle of Little Crib Square;
The street is as white as the driven snow,
But warm like the blossom-time snow, you know—
Warm to toes that are soft and pink and bare.

And speaking of toes, 'tis in Blanket Street
That the Five Little Pigs so often meet,
And the littlest always goes, "Squeak, squeak, squeak!"
Though the weather is never cold and bleak—
For 'tis always summer in Blanket Street.

And the yellow bird talks as well as sings,
And the bumblebee hums, but never stings,
And the love-lamp burns like stars all night;
Oh, come, and be sure to listen right,
For Blanket Street birds say wonderful things.

Appreciation.

A mother once said of her children, "I don't believe they ever do a thing just to please me. I can't help but scold and complain for they are so very careless."

She seemed to have forgotten the time, before she became so "nervous" from overwork caused by her desire to be known as the best cook and housekeeper in all the country around, that her children were loving, obedient and possessed of a strong desire to be helpful. In her zeal for immaculate housekeeping she repulsed their efforts at helpfulness, telling them in no softened terms, but in the plainest of language, that until they had learned to do things well they were more trouble than help, and she did not want them in the way; she had no time to bother with them, nor to do things over after them, and all she asked of them was to keep out of the way and let her work in peace.

Unfortunately, her children, like yours and mine, could not know instinctively how to do things, and could only learn by practice, accompanied by painstaking care on the part of some one to teach them. Denied this by the mother—she whose chiefest pleasure should have been in their culture and development—it was not to be wondered at that they grew up careless, and being constantly told "not to bother," receiving few, if any, words of appreciation, that they were unmindful of the things that would please their mother.

Children, as well as grown people, are largely creatures of habit, and if not trained by example as well as by loving precept to be careful and painstaking, they very naturally will not be.

We all know how sweet the words of praise and just appreciation sound, and how much easier it is to work or to do if assured that our efforts are noticed and appreciated. Children feel this, if possible, more keenly than older persons, and as the little, unskilled hands struggle with the hard, unaccustomed tasks, if mothers would praise wherever possible and chide in a soft, loving way, rather than peevishness, fretfulness or worse, the child would try harder, make more progress, and both parent and child be happier.

More than one timid, sensitive child is made more so by constant faultfinding and repression, and finally reaches manhood or womanhood with a blighted nature, not free to perform all the functions of a happy life, because of its having been continually nagged at while young, ever found fault with and rarely praised.

It is a habit that comes on so insidiously that many mothers are hardly aware of their attitude toward their children, but they are none the less responsible on account of it. In the final judgment, when asked why they did thus or so or did not do, that their children might have had better training, and have fully developed the right and useful faculties that were God-given, think it will be considered an adequate answer, if they say, "I was so nervous," or "I was so busy," or "I did not really think about it or realize just how or what I was doing." Methinks not.

Every mother earnestly desires the greatest good for her children, and it is more often carelessness or thoughtlessness that allows them to fall into these serious habits, rather than any intentional wrong on their part; but it is, after all, no excuse. Far better, indeed, to have some litter and muss about the house, to cook fewer fancy dishes, to entertain our friends in a more simple style, to have less elaborate garments for every-day wear, and consequently fewer "nerves," and a happy home where the children receive their due meed of praise and appreciation, where the little hands are early taught to do the needful tasks in such a way that they become works of love, and where body, mind and soul have rich opportunity for development. Better to be known if must be, as a slack housekeeper, but a real home-maker, than to have one's house only a place for the family to stop in, even if the housekeeping be all that could be asked.

Better be a real, true, genuine mother than anything else in the world.

To Test Powder.

During the warm weather, when the use of powder is considered almost necessary, great care should be taken to obtain the best. Rice powder is considered by most physicians the least injurious, although a few advise a talcum powder.

Every woman who wishes to be sure that there is nothing injurious in her toilet-powder can satisfy herself by submitting it to the following test:

Place a teaspoonful of the powder in a glass and add the juice of a lemon. If effervescence takes place, it is an infallible proof that the powder is dangerous, and that its use should be avoided, as it will injure the skin and destroy the beauty of the complexion.

For Baby's Carriage.

A pretty counterpane for the baby's crib or carriage may be made as follows: Make a "comfortable" of shrimp pink silkolene, China silk, or even cheese cloth, interline with a sheet of fine white wadding.

Procure sixteen or more, according to the size of the counterpane, of the little silk handkerchiefs, now unused as handkerchiefs. They may be bought as low as one dollar per dozen. Get those finished with a deep scallop about the edge; cream color will harmonize with the pink of the foundation. Join the handkerchiefs by the tips of the scallops and baste smoothly upon the foundation. With Asiatic filo, feather stitch each handkerchief just inside the embroidered edge, thus fastening it upon the foundation. The tint of the lining which will show between the scallops and the feather stitching of the same tint will give the needed bit of color. The edge of the comfortable should be scalloped and embroidered in buttonhole stitch with shrimp pink Roman floss.

Here is another: Get a fine quality of fine cream colored linen scrim. Draw threads about the edge above the hem-stitched hem and into the spaces draw daisy ribbon in cream color or pink. If blue is baby's color get a pure white scrim and draw in blue ribbons.

For a heavier counterpane, use pale blue flannel serge or French flannel. Make a spool sized scallop about the edge and button hole stitch it with self-colored Asiatic twisted embroidery silk. Four or five inches from the edge across the top embroider a design of white and pale yellow pansies.

A white flannel or cashmere counterpane with a net work design done in lace stitch with rose buds embroidered in the meshes, would be lovely and not difficult. It may all be worked with white or the net work in white and the rose buds in the natural colors of the flower. For the net work use Honiton lace silk and embroider the flowers with Roman floss.

A very pretty blanket is of white flannel or cashmere bound with broad satin ribbon, feather stitched on, and a band of the same ribbon laid diagonally across the blanket bearing the baby's name, in embroidered letters.

The Little One's Teeth.

To begin at the very beginning, be very careful, when you find a "tiny white pearl," or two in your baby's mouth, that the little fists which so industriously whack every available object against these new, soft little "pearls," do not get hold of hard articles.

The enamel on many a front tooth has been broken in this way, and decay begun before the tooth is fairly out. If this danger is safely gotten over, when the "milk teeth" get out, they should be regularly cared for, using a very soft and very small brush.

Home care can do much for the child's teeth, but with the best of home care should be given the dentist's attention. Decaying teeth can often be given a soft filling that will preserve them, while the filling will not be a severe trial to the restless little ones.

And when I have said, take all the care possible of the children's teeth at home, beside putting them in the care of the dentist, it would seem that I had said enough, but there is this caution left: Do not let any one draw a tooth until the crown is absorbed, and the tooth loose; and a string is the best instrument with which to draw one then.

Premature extraction of the first teeth causes irregularity of the second set, and often spoils the arch of the mouth, thus injuring the shape of the face for life.

Some patent tooth-washes are not desirable, so to avoid all danger, a good dentifrice can be made of prepared chalk and orris-root. This whitens and preserves the teeth, and is really the basis of all good tooth powders.

A Womanly Art.

Sewing is a womanly art. A woman is never more feminine than when she has a needle and thread in her hand. It is the right of every little girl to be taught to sew neatly, even if it costs the mother some self-sacrifice. Very few women are wholly exempt from the needle. On the contrary almost every woman must take more or less care of her own wardrobe, even if she has no family responsibility. Machines can not sew up rips in gloves, replace buttons, or mend. Some stitches must be taken, and how to sew neatly is an accomplishment quite as necessary, if not more so, to the happiness of a majority of women than any other. If a little girl be taught early how to use her needle, sewing will soon become a sort of second nature to her.

Brooding.

Brooding over trials and difficulties and disappointments is one of the most prominent and sure characteristics of fretfulness. The mind seems to fasten itself on life's troubles. It thinks of little else from morning till night, and then in the night time sleep departs, and the time that should be spent in sleep is spent in fret and worry until it festers and becomes more and more absorbing. So much so that the mind becomes wholly occupied with the thought of trouble.

A DIVORCE CASE.

Mr. Garraway stood up as young Mrs. Bradshaw rose from her seat at the dinner table. It had been rather a quiet dinner and he had to do nearly all the talking.

Bradshaw opened the door and Mr. Garraway, of Gray's Inn Place, noticed that each avoided looking at the other.

Ernest Bradshaw closed the door and came back to the table. He cracked a walnut and, on opening it, threw it into the fire.

"Bad?" inquired Mr. Garraway.

"Yes," said young Bradshaw, violently. "Of course its bad. Worst of it is that you never know until you try."

"But all the nuts are not bad, Bradshaw." Bradshaw grunted. "Anything wrong at Whitehall?"

"No. Whitehall's all right."

Mr. Garraway owed his success as a solicitor mainly to knowing exactly when not to do the wrong thing.

"I want to ask you something, Garraway. Do you ever have people coming to you to draw up deeds of separation?"

"Oh, yes; pretty often."

"Well, would you mind being of some use to me—and to Ellen?"

"Why, certainly. But you two don't want to be separated. Why, man alive, you haven't been married a year!"

"Garraway, look here. We have had a row—a dispute, or whatever you like to call it. We have agreed to part."

On the piano in the drawing-room up-stairs a chord or two were struck, and the clear voice of Mrs. Bradshaw rang out.

"You see," said Bradshaw, "perfectly jolly over it." There was a sudden stop and a crash on the piano, as though the player could keep it up no longer.

"Look here, Bradshaw"—Mr. Garraway passes his hand carefully over his smooth, spare hair—"look here. Call at my place at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning and I'll do what is wanted."

"Thank you, Garraway."

"Shall we go up-stairs? I must arrange with her."

The demure, precise little clock on the mantelpiece in Mr. Garraway's chambers struck 11. A small boy entered with a card.

"Thank you, Judd. Show the lady in."

Mr. Gibson withdrew with his work to the outer office, stepping aside at the door to permit a slim, girlish figure to enter.

"I had no chance of speaking to you last night," said Mr. Garraway, "excepting to ask you to call. But I had a brief conversation with Bradshaw, and he assured me that you had quite made up your mind about the matter."

"He is, in this particular instance, quite right." She put her lips together and looked determined.

"And so I am to draw up the deed of separation?"

"If you please."

"It's rather rough on me," went on Mr. Garraway, with an effort at humor. "Why, it seems only yesterday that I was the best man and you and he went to Neuchatel, and we cheered you as you left Victoria station. Do you remember?"

"Would you mind telling me, please, when the document can be drawn?"

"And do you remember your first dinner after your return and how jolly we all were. Why you were as comfortable as anything until a week or so ago."

"What I propose to do," said the stern young lady, with just a suspicion of a catch in her voice "is to go abroad with my aunt for a year or two and leave the house as it stands for Ernest to live in. He can get a housekeeper you see, and—"

"By jove!" cried Garraway, "not a bad idea."

"You think—you think it will work all right, Mr. Garraway?"

"Oh, yes."

"It was our quarrel of last week parted us, and—"

"Well, will you allow me, as an old friend, to give you a little advice? I should advise you to make up this difference of opinion with Ernest. I'm told—of course, I'm only a bachelor—but I'm told that all young couples have their quarrels to begin with, and they do say—here again I speak of course, as a mere bachelor—that the making up is always the most delightful part of it."

"Mr. Garraway, I thought you would argue in this way, and it is very good of you. But my mind was made up before I came here and nothing that you can say will alter it. A woman must judge for herself in these matters."

"It shall be put in hand at once."

"I should like to leave London this day week."

"I dare say," said Mr. Garraway, with great amiability, "that that can be managed."

"There is only one question of a housekeeper. Somebody must be there to look after the servants."

"It is there, I think, I can be of some assistance to Ernest." Mr. Garraway spoke with genial assurance. "It so happens that a client of mine is looking for precisely a situation of that kind."

"How extremely fortunate."

"She is a good manager. She is a widow and she has had charge of a house similar to yours."

"That's capital. As I say, I shouldn't like the house to go to rack and ruin. When could this old lady come, do you think?"

"This—who?"

"This old lady—this widow. When could she come?"

"Oh, but"—Mr. Garraway smiled pleasantly—"you are laboring under a slight mistake, Mrs. Bradshaw; the lady is not old."

"Oh, she is not young, I suppose."

"Well, as a matter of fact, she is rather young. By the by, I ought to have her portrait here somewhere."

It had cost Mr. Garraway, one shilling, this cabinet photograph, in a shop that morning. The shopman couldn't tell him who it was; she was an exceedingly pretty girl in demure black, and the wily Mr. Garraway was content.

The bunch of narcissus at the lady's bodice was bobbing up and down as she continued to look at the photograph.

"You see the thing is to get some one who would make poor Bradshaw comfortable, and not compel him to be always at the club."

She put the photograph down on the table.

"This lady," said young Mrs. Bradshaw, definitely, "shall never come into my house."

"No," agreed Mr. Garraway, sweetly; "quite so. Not in your house. She will, of course, be in Ernest's house. I am sure that on my recommendation—"

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Garraway, that you would recommend a person like this for such a position?" Mrs. Bradshaw had risen from her chair and spoke indignantly.

"Now, Mrs. Bradshaw. Pardon me; I can't allow you to speak ill of a client of mine. I have every reason to believe that she is a well-bred young lady and comes from one of the best families. I have no doubt in my mind that she will make my friend Bradshaw very comfortable, indeed."

There was a tap at the door, and the smart boy entered with a card.

Mr. Garraway went toward the door to receive the newcomer. Not before, however, he had seen the handkerchief go to the eyes of the young visitor.

"Bradshaw," he whispered at the door, "listen to me, man. Your wife's in there crying. Go and kiss her and make it up."

An hour and a half later Mr. Garraway sauntered back. The small Judd followed him into the room and put some more coals on the fire.

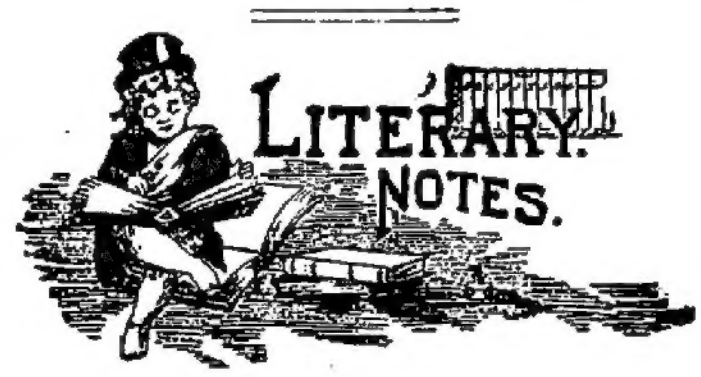
"Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw gone, Judd?" demanded Mr. Garraway.

Master Judd said: "Yesir."

"What the deuce are you grinning about, Judd?"

The excellent Judd said it was nothin' special. Being pressed, however, Master Judd confessed that, entering the room about twenty minutes after his master had left, he saw the gent and lady kissing each other like "1 o'clock and as 'appy as—"

"Judd," said Mr. Garraway severely, "I am surprised at you. I am surprised that a man just now, perhaps of tender years, but one who is possibly designed for the highest honors, should be guilty of the highest impropriety—the gross unprofessional impropriety, sir—of noticing a matter of this kind. I am surprised at you—perfectly surprised at you. Would you like to go to the theatre to-night, you young scoundrel?"



Good Housekeeping for August shows no "vacation dullness;" on the contrary, its pages teem with interesting matter relating to all phases of the home life—material, social and spiritual. As usual, there is a strong flavor of the passing season, and the housewife who desires recipes for jams, jellies, pickles and preserves will find them in abundance, and of reliable quality; the lover of a pleasing story or a fresh bit of verse will be gratified; in the department of "Food for the Family," some of the less common fruits are discussed; there are suggestions for entertainments, and for making the home attractive; as well as a prize puzzle department which is proving very popular. It is, as ever, a magazine to interest all the members of the family. Clark W. Bryan Company, publishers, Springfield, Mass.

The ninth annual calendar issued by the Toronto Conservatory of Music has been recently issued. It has been enlarged to 136 pages, carefully and tastefully prepared, and beautifully bound in silk cloth finish, white and gold. It is replete with information respecting the work of this institution, which has been attended with unqualified success. The past year has been the most successful in the Conservatorys' history; a greater number of pupils were registered at one time than ever before, and a much larger number were prepared to take examinations, and appeared as successful candidates than in any previous year. The teaching staff which is well-known for its high standing and artistic ability, has been further augmented by the addition of several names, amongst them that of Miss Norma Reynolds, in the vocal department. All departments of instruction have the care and direction of Mr. Edward Fisher, to whose well known professional abilities and general oversight is largely due the wonderful growth of the institution. The courses of study in all departments are very thorough, securing an education in music (all branches) and elocution of a broad and comprehensive character. Those contemplating these studies are invited to send for a copy of this calendar which is mailed free to applicants. In sending for one please mention THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

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TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

In a recent exchange we noticed a series of pen sketches illustrating the different penalties imposed on criminals in different countries and through many ages. While there is a vast amount of general knowledge to be obtained by the perusal of the article, still it is deplorable that the hideous cuts were allowed to mar the pages. The exchange purports to be a "home" paper, but what wise mother would allow her little boys and girls to look at such hideous views as a man impaled on a stake, a beheadal block with a victim and beheader in position for the awful blow, a defenceless girl tied to the stake with the fire kindling about her, and a victim tied to the tail of a furious horse. Yet these drawings are to be seen in all their hideousness, and the awful thought arises, some one's little darling will have awful dreams after looking at these atrocities. If the pictures do not make him shudder with horror they serve to harden his nature and make him cruel. In this case Truth and Beauty, those Siamese twins, should be forever divorced, for the pictures may be true to life but it is wicked to picture such truth. When art, however high, approaches the realm of horror, it ceases to be art. The recent painting by E. W. Thomson, "Waited in Vain," certainly approaches the border of the horrible if it does not step over. For that simple reason we contend that its usefulness and grandeur as a painting fail.

There is already in the heads of the rising generation an abnormal development for the gruesome and horrible, but what can we expect when mothers sit for hours in a crowded court room listening to most loathsome details of horrible crimes. The unborn child gets a never-to-be-eradicated fever for the horrible. Watch people on the street when an accident occurs, how they gloat over the injured one and crowd and gape until driven off by the police. This is part of the same disease which we as editors and mothers and women should strive by our pens, our examples and in fact every way in our power to cure. Surely the great God has given us sufficient of the beautiful in His glorious world to take our eyes and minds from all that is horrible.

BRIDAL COSTUMES AND FLIES.

Recently a leading dry goods house in this city gave a unique exhibition of a bridal trousseau in its windows. Great were the crowds and comical the comments thereon. The city was full of visitors and it was a barrel of fun to listen to the remarks. We quote a few of the best. "Don't it make you want to get married just to look at them?" "Can you see the front of the dress. It's a dream." "Yes, and a pretty expensive one, too." "Oh Nell, I see how the train is fixed on." "The sleeves fill the window, I don't believe I d like them quite so big if I were the bride, I would have to wear long distance spectacles in order to see the groom." "Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! Are they not lovely, Jack do come and look too." Jack looks sheepishly and mutters, "women's fixens." "Buy them things to wear," said a small boy. "Yes Liddy, bet yer life." "Say mamma, look at the flies, what kind are they?" "Never mind the flies darling, look at the pretty dresses." "Oh mamma, one's lit on that white stuff! That newsboy said there ain't no flies on them dresses, but I guess he didn't see the nest of them there. There's another, bet the old dress will be flyspecked waiting for some one to wear it." Just here some of the nobs belonging to the store marches out with a pet customer and the crowd hangs on his descriptive words till the burly policeman yells, "Come, move on now and don't spend all the time looking at them white frocks." We moved on of course.

WOMANS INFLUENCE.

The mightiest influence which exists upon the earth, both for good and for evil, is concealed in the hand of a woman. Aye, in her hand rests the destiny of nations. We owe to the influence of woman, what we are as a nation as well as individuals. We trace this influence in the pulpit, in the press, in our civil and political institutions. Did not the influence of the Spartan mother give character to the Spartan nations. Napoleon knew and felt this when he said, "What France wants is good mothers, and you may be sure France will have good sons." No other but a mother has a hand gentle, and at the same time strong enough, to give to the rising plant its early bias—a hand at once too strong to be resisted, and too gentle to awaken a wish to resist it—and which controls all his future growth, and passes down the current of life from one generation to another, influencing life and destiny.

Since Eve partook of the forbidden fruit, and also influenced Adam to eat thereof, woman's influence is traditional. As the poet represents Agrippina in the senate—

"Behind a veil invisible and present,"

So is woman's influence every where visible and invisible felt either for good or evil.

Few women are fully alive to the responsibility of their influence. They heed not that this transcendant power is tinging all the waves of life around them, either with its subtle and mystic charm, or with the darkening hues of sin's destroying stain. It cannot be neutral. Like the calm deep stream, it moves on in silent, but overwhelming power. To it, we can trace the calamities and crimes which desolate humanity—the hatreds, the revenges, the trials, the suicides, the duels, the murders and the wars; as well as the tender devotion, the generous sacrifices, the holy aspirations, the religious institutions, and the public charities which elevate and bring peace and joy to mankind.

Truly there is much truth in the trite assertion, "A woman's at the bottom of it."

LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

Why is it that we so easily forget that the little things in life are what make it easy or hard? A few pleasant words, a warm hand-clasp, a cordial letter are simple things, but they are mighty in their influence on the lives of those about us, adding a ray of hope to many disconsolate hearts, giving courage to disappointed weary ones, and helping at the same time to make our own lives sweeter. Few people realize how much the little attentions of every-day life mean to their associates in the home, society and the place of business. It is generally a lack of consideration that makes one forget the tiny pleasantries; but lack of consideration is really one form of selfishness, and selfishness is not a desirable quality. Remember that the little things in life, either good or bad, count for more with those we love than we ever know, and we should be watchful of our actions and of our words.

A WOMAN'S POSSIBILITIES.

Some days we don't seem to have any. Life is one long monotonous drag. We care for naught, and our outlook is as narrow as a close-fisted farmer's. Perhaps dyspepsia is to blame, perhaps just ordinary every day, cantankerousness, perhaps the weather, but at any rate, we are dumpish and glum. A dozen little things may change us from this mood to one of light-some gladness, when the whole world is one mass of roseate splendor of which we are the center. A friend may call and tell you some little incident that brings back to you some ideal day in your life, a kind word may be dropped, or a piercing sentence that sets the blood tingling along the veins. Then we learn possibilities, then we have royal blood in our veins. We are ready then to do and dare, and well for us if this ecstatic mood continues. It is ours to make it do so for,

"We live in deeds, not years,
In thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We must count time by heart-throbs,
He most lives who thinks most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best;
And he whose heart beats quickest
Lives the longest. Lives in one hour
More than in years do some,
Whose hot blood sleeps
As it slips along their veins,
Life, is but the means unto an end;
That end, beginning means,
And end all things,—God."

PRIZE COMPETITION.

The numerous replies received as answers to Scripture Enigma No. 5, prove the undoubted popularity of this department of the JOURNAL enterprise. The papers were excellent, showing a higher ideal than mere arranging of facts and texts. The papers were fairly neat, improvements on this line are not so marked as we would like to see. It is always a pleasure to select and classify the many answers received, and while it is difficult to make choice where the majority are so good, still we sincerely believe that our decisions have been fair and impartial, and competitors will doubtless agree. The prizes have been awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—Black cashmere dress.—Mrs. W. T. Hare, Aylmer, Ont.

SECOND PRIZE—Beautiful gold thimble.—Lizzie R. Clarke, King's Co., N.S.

THIRD PRIZE—Gem ring.—Maggie A. Munro, St. Elmo, Ont.

EXCELLENT—Ruth Bradley, Marshville; Maud Hayes, Alerslie, P. E. I.; L. C. McLaurin, Vanleek Hill, Ont.; Minnie J. Wager, Ayton, Ont.; M. E. Ross, Clifford, Ont.; Aggie Neil, Streetsville, Ont.; Mrs. N. H. Fletcher, Kingston, Ont.; Grace Parker, King's Co., N.S.; No name, Canning, King's Co., N.S.; Cora Witherly, Arthurette, N. B.; Bertha Young, Amherstberg, Ont.; Lizzie Hugh, Golden Lake, Ont.

VERY GOOD—E. L. Smith, Simcoe, Ont.; Ida Scott, Omemee, Ont.; Mrs. John Murray, Toronto; Selina Marchant, Teeswater, Ont.; Bessie W. Merriman, Oakville, Ont.; Estella Buell, Caintown, Ont.; Mae E. Sibbald, Meadowvale, Ont.; Beatrix Jones, Bowmanville, Ont.; Nellie Brown, Dutton, Ont.; Mary Turney, Streetsville, Ont.; L.J. Brown, Meadowvale, Ont.; M. Vansbrough, T. Junction; Florence Griff, Toronto; Maggie S. Cole, Brockville, Ont.; Mrs. Wilds, Toronto Junction.

GOOD—F. Mabel, Lloydtown, Ont.; A.E. Carter, Lindsay, Ont.; Mrs. S. M. Boughner, Langton, Ont.; Maggie Scott, Omemee, Ont.; Lizzie Mitchell, Toronto; Lila Kentville, King's Co., N.S.; Mudie Whitewood, Assa.

Many thanks for the beautiful thimble, which more than equalled my expectations.

Yours sincerely,
ANNIE B. JACQUES,
Cornwallis.

DEAR SIRS,—It affords me very much pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your premium, a handsome black cashmere, for which you have the thanks of the recipient, one who admires your enterprise and appreciates your valuable JOURNAL. With best wishes to you and your paper, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
SARAH E. BALTER.
North Ridge, Ont.

WHEN THE HARVEST IS RIPE.

I.

It had been a hot day; the sun had beaten down on the hard highway, the parched pasture, and the dry and dusty stubble field with unrelenting force; the cattle since early in the forenoon had been lying in the shade, or standing in the little pools of water, all that was left of the brook that usually ran through the pasture, and standing there, placidly switched their tails and contentedly munched their everlasting cuds, seemingly as happy as though the pasture was knee deep with fresh, dewbesprinkled clover.

In the stubble field adjoining, there were no such signs of contentment. All day long, while the sun was the fiercest, men and teams had hurried from the field to the barn and back again, going in with wagon piled high with the sheaves of grain, and coming back empty, save as to the boy or man who drove the horses. It was the last day of "wheat hauling," and 'Squire Stevens was anxious that the crop should be housed, to be threshed at his leisure.

It was nearly sundown, and the intense heat of the day was somewhat abated. Not until then did I venture far from the low, rambling house that seemed to retire in the shade of the great elms that towered above it, and find my way down the little, grass-grown lane, toward the great barn. The last load was entering the barn yard, and the 'Squire with his big straw hat pushed back, and pitch fork in hand walked with a tired, but satisfied, tread behind the wagon. He stopped when he saw me, and chaffingly said:

"Well, missy, you come along to help when the sun goes down, do you, and the last load is in?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "I didn't know you needed help, or I should have been here before."

The 'Squire laughed.

"Lots of account you'd be in the harvest field, now, wouldn't you? But I can tell you that my sisters used to turn out with a hearty will, and help when the work was pushed. Yes, sir, Father used to say that Cynthia was the best son he had."

"But, 'Squire," I put in, "you wouldn't allow your daughter to go into the harvest field and help haul grain, now would you?"

"Allow? Why, bless your heart, I couldn't drag her there with a four horse team.—Not that I'd want to," he added after a pause, "for times have changed, and there ain't the necessity for it now."

I burst into a laugh to think of Dorothy Stevens in the harvest field; the daintiest little maid in all the country round, with a proud little will of her own, and yet a lovable disposition. She was the apple of her father's eye, and many staid old neighbors considered her a spoilt daughter.

While we spoke she came bounding into the yard on her saddle horse, and with a nod to me, she turned to the 'Squire.

"Well, Pop, how's the wheat? Do we go to Europe this winter? Have you reaped what you sowed?"

"Folks usually do," said the 'Squire as he helped her dismount.

"Well, yes," replied Dorothy, "unless the crop fails, you know, and I believe that happens sometimes. Do you know," she rattled on, talking to neither of us in particular, "I've been thinking of that very thing to-day. It's promised that what-so-ever a man sows that shall he reap, but it seems to me that that holds good more especially with weeds than it does with a good crop. I know Pop here, fusses around a sight about his seed wheat and his seed corn, and then the crop fails sometimes, while if a little bit of 'cheat' gets in the wheat once it lasts for years. And I guess it's pretty much the same way with sowing other things—good deeds, you know, and all that. I can go along being a model girl for months at a time—"

"I'd like to know when you tried that experiment," put in the 'Squire, but Dorothy did not deign to notice.

"—and I don't see that any great crop is harvested; but let me slip up once on something, and I'm sure to get into trouble right away."

"Well, you'll have to admit that that's a good thing," said her father, "if you didn't get into trouble, there's no telling where you'd land."

"I wasn't complaining about the trouble I get into; I'm willing enough to abide by that;" replied the daughter, "if I sow 'cheat,' I expect to reap it, but my complaint against Nature is that we don't always harvest wheat, even when we sow good seed."

"Well, at least," I put in, "if you plant wheat, you don't reap dust and ashes—if you'll allow me to mix my metaphors."

"You mean we don't get 'cheat?" said Dorothy. "I'm not so sure of that. Don't you remember the tares in the Bible? To be sure, though, somebody sowed them; I suppose the sower ought to have kept awake and watched his crop. I guess that must be the way of it; a bad crop grows if you give it half a chance, while a good crop has to be sown with care, and watched and tended, nursed and petted, and then you don't know whether it will grow or not."

"Dorothy," said the 'Squire, "you're getting to be a regular pessimist. Let's go to supper and see if a good square meal would do you good," and we all went into the house.

II.

"I think, Dorothy," said the 'Squire as we sat at the supper table, "that you expect the harvest of a good crop too soon. You mustn't cut your wheat before it is ripe."

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Dorothy from her place at the head of the table. "I see a great many fields where a harvest of any sort seems impossible. I came past the Hazard place this afternoon, and if you'll believe it, there was Abby, herself, out in the wheat field with that boy that lives there, getting in the wheat."

The 'Squire looked at his plate, muttering something about it being "a shame."

"That's just what I thought and said," continued Dorothy. "I told her it wasn't right for her to be doing such drudgery, and reminded her that men were intended to do that kind of work, but she only said, 'For men must work, and women must weep,' and then added 'Well, Dorothy, I prefer to do a little more work, and a little less weeping for my part,' and went on tossing the sheaves up on the wagon. Now, what I want to know is, when is Abby Hazard going to reap her reward? There she has been toiling away on that little old farm ever since I can remember, kind, faithful and intelligent, doing more good to this neighborhood than half the men put together, and yet her life becomes harder, every year. Where's her harvest?"

There was a curious look on the 'Squire's face as he said,

"She might have had a harvest years ago, if she—if she would only—cut the grain when it ripens."

Dorothy looked at him as though she did not understand, but he seemed to have nothing more to say, and after a time she asked,

"Why has she always lived there alone?"

"Because she's a very foolish woman," the 'Squire blurted out. "Because she's the salt of the earth, that's why. You see," he continued in a calmer tone, "the Hazard farm was left to her and her worthless brother, on condition that one of them live on it; if they both leave it, it goes to some sort of missionary society. Dick always was a wild chap, and he'd never been here since his grandfather's death, leaving the care of the place, and more than that, on Abby's shoulders, for he was always giving notes to pay his debts, and when they fell due, Abby paid them. That's why Abby worked like a slave, and that's why she never—harvested her reward." The 'Squire stirred his tea in an absentminded way. Finally Dorothy said, "But Dick's dead now."

"Yes, but his debts hain't paid, and Abby hasn't learned any sense."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Dorothy, surprised at his warmth, "How hasn't she learned?"

The 'Squire made no reply, but contracted his brows, and sat in seeming perplexity. As Dorothy poured another cup of tea, she said, more to me than to him,

"Why don't some good man marry her? She'd make an excellent wife."

The 'Squire started.

"Do you think so, Dorothy?"

"Yes, I do," she replied. "She's the most intelligent woman in the township, and when she's rested, she's really handsome."

"Er—er—what kind of—a—a mother do you think, she'd make, Dorothy?"

The 'Squire's face was very red, and he nervously fingered his knife and fork.

Dorothy looked at him in amazement for a moment, and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"Why, you dear old Pop!" she cried, leaving her place and throwing her arms around his neck, "Who would have thought it! You, of all men!" and then she smothered him with kisses and laughed and cried, while the 'Squire looked foolish, and I felt sadly out of place.

"Well, well, daughter," said the 'Squire, "we won't think of it if you object; we"

"But, Pop, I don't object," cried Dorothy, "I think it'd be just—just great! I'm sure she deserves as good a man as you are, and you—you deserve some one to take care of you better than your heighty-flighty daughter can."

The 'Squire was on his feet in an instant.

"Will you come with me to Abby's?" he said, his eyes shining. "You see, for years I've wanted Abby to come here, but as long as Dick lived, she thought she ought to keep the place for him, and since his death she's been afraid that—that it would seem like—like pushing you out, Dorothy."

"The idea!" exclaimed Dorothy, "and you let her think it! You're a couple of dear, old geese, that's what you are!"

By this time she had her father's best hat out, and her own on her head, and excusing themselves to me they went to tell Abby that her harvest was at last ripe.

Sources of Color.

An interesting enumeration has been made by somebody, and published in a technical journal, of the sources of color. From this it appears that the cochineal insects furnish the gorgeous carmine, crimson, scarlet carmine, and purple lakes; the cuttlefish gives sepia, that is, the inky fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked; the Indian yellow comes from the camel; ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black; the exquisite Prussian blue comes from fusing horse hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate; various lakes are derived from roots, barks and gums; blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stock; Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan; the yellow sap of a Siam tree produces gamboge; raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy; raw umber is an earth found near Umbria; India ink is made from burned camphor; mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian Archipelago; bister is the soot of wood ashes; very little real ultramarine, obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, is found in the market; the Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury, and vermillion is from the quicksilver ore cinnabar.

MRS. SEEGO'S OPPORTUNITY.

MR. SEEGO was one of those men who believe in a distinct sphere for women; the duties of that sphere consisting of the pleasant little curriculum of household drudgery and baby tending.

Mr. Seego was not a Bible scholar, nor did he make any pretensions to piety. Yet there was not a passage in the Good Book bearing on woman's submission to man that he was not able to quote. He employed these holy clinchers as indorsements to his discipline, when his wife attempted to leap the boundaries of her "sphere" by the exercise of any independent thought or action.

Mr. Seego was not wholly responsible for this ignoble bearing toward woman. It had been inculcated in him all through his boyhood by paternal example. Fathers generally determine the kind of husbands their sons will make. The spirit grew with his growth, and by the time he was of an age to claim a wife he honestly believed that women were wholly devoid of any business capacity, and that the Lord had kindly made them for the sole purpose of ministering to the comforts of man.

It is not surprising that Mrs. Seego's powers had not developed in this atmosphere; unless we except the power of submission to another's will, the power to yield up all preferences and independence of thought that peace might preside in the home. In such powers she has developed in a wonderful degree.

It will be easily understood how it was that Mrs. Seego had no part in planning the home. Her husband located all the outbuildings and yards for the animals to suit his own ideas of convenience and economy. When his wife faintly protested against bounding the dooryard with pig and calf pens, her protest would have been as effectual if addressed to the air.

One day in early March, as Mr. Seego was beginning the spring work, there came a letter announcing the serious illness of his old father, who lived in a distant state, with the urgent request for the son to come immediately that his parent might see him again. As Mr. Seego thought of leaving the farm at this busy season with no one to manage it, of the time he would lose and the expense of the trip, he fairly groaned.

"I don't know what on earth will become of matters while I'm gone," he said to his wife at parting. "I know everything will go to the dogs. There are all those lambs 'most ready now to market, and there's no telling how long I'll be gone. Great Cæsar! I wish pa sent for me in the winter when I wasn't so busy."

"We'll do the best we can, Tommie and me," his wife returned with her usual meekness. "And it ain't likely you'll be gone very long."

"I won't be gone a minute longer than I can help, you may be sure of that. And Maria, do try and see to things for once."

For the next week Mrs. Seego and fourteen-year-old Tommie waded through March slush and braved March winds in caring for the various animals and the farm's other interests. In the meantime Mr. Seego's father responded to that final summons. In the letter to his wife giving this information, Mr. Seego informed her that he would leave for home the morning after his father's funeral. But on that very morning there came a startling telegram to Mrs. Seego saying her husband had sustained serious injuries in a runaway and for her to come to him immediately at his old home.

For a brief time after the shock of this message Mrs. Seego was wholly overpowered, physically and mentally. But with the restoration of her senses she realized that a great responsibility had fallen suddenly on her. Not only must she take a long journey agonized by fears for her husband, but she must leave her little children, including a year old baby, to the care of strangers. And then, too, the farm must be provided with help during her absence.

As this panorama of cares flitted across her mind, instead of weakening under the burden as one might naturally have supposed from a woman who has not exercised an independent action for fifteen years, there arose within her, almost at a bound, a new self, full of strength and purpose. It was the latent power that had been sleeping the sleep of suppression for so long. Tommie was quickly despatched to the neighbors, and in less than two hours a man and woman were in charge of the farm and house. And in two hours more Mrs. Seego was flying eastward on a fast train.

When she reached her husband it was to find him in a serious condition from a compound fracture of the leg. It had occurred while he was on his way to the station to start home. He lay in his old boyhood home, and was cared for by an elderly maiden sister and a brother.

"Maria," said Mr. Seego, in painful gasps, after the greeting was over, "was there ever such a mess of affairs? It worries me almost to death to think what will become of matters at home."

"The less you worry, the sooner you'll get home to see to things," returned his wife, quietly.

"But the doctors say I've got to lie here for six months, perhaps longer. And what on earth will become of the farm in that time? I've been trying to lay some plans, but my leg hurts me so bad I can't think of nothing."

"Don't try to think," said his wife. "We'll get along some way at home."

"I guess it will be some way. It'll be a poor way if I'm not there to manage," snapped the irritated, nervous husband. "Now there's them lambs. It makes me frantic to think of 'em. They was such fine ones, I expected to get quite a sum for 'em. But as it is, they'll probably run down and not amount to anything. Great guns! what a fool I was to ride behind Jim's colts."

Mrs. Seego remained with her husband a week. But so great was the need for her at home, and as his condition constantly improved it was thought best for her to return home and leave him in his relatives' care. Mr. Seego poured into her ears floods of advice as to how to manage the farm for the season. He would direct her one way one hour only to countermand it the next by new instructions.

"I tell you what the matter is," he said; "I'm all at sea when I try to give directions to a woman. After telling you one thing I get to thinking it over and I think that's too hard for you to understand. And then I try to lay some simpler plan for you to go by. But by gosh! there ain't nothing simple enough in business matters to get through a woman's head."

At last the final advice was given, the painful parting was over, and Mrs. Seego was on her homeward journey. She lived two lives during the trip. One back with her sick husband, the other forward with her little ones and the home interests. Her mind was eagerly busy, not in worry and lamentations, there was no time for that; but in thinking and planning on the great responsibility that had fallen on her.

When less than two hundred miles from home she was delayed for a couple of hours in a large city in making railway connections. This time she spent in walking about the vicinity of the depot to catch a glimpse of city sights. As she was walking along, keenly observant of everything, her attention was attracted to a conspicuous sign on a large building, which read as follows: "Produce commission merchants. All kinds of produce bought and sold." Then on a bulletin board lower down was the following: "Fancy prices paid for choice veal, spring lambs and chickens."

Mrs. Seego halted before this board and read the advertisement with a deep, keen interest. "Well, I declare!" she exclaimed to herself, "who knows but what I might sell our lambs here if it ain't too far to ship 'em. We don't get any fancy prices at home, sure. I believe I'll go in and ask something about it. It won't do any harm anyway. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Yes, I'll do it sure."

So she walked into the great building and accosting the first person she met said: "I see you buy lambs here. I'd like to know what you're paying for spring lambs."

"If you'll step back this way, ma'am, you can see our buyer, and he'll give you prices."

She followed the employe back to a large office where a pleasant looking man sat, to whom she addressed her inquiry.

"Spring lambs? Why, yes, we are buying lambs, and we pay a good price for choice, fat ones."

And then he mentioned a price that fairly took Mrs. Seego's breath, for they had always sold their lambs at their back country market where the demand was slow and prices low.

"We have about fifty of the finest lambs I ever saw," she said. "We've had uncommon good luck with them this spring. They are as fat as butter balls. And they are just ready for market now. And I'm anxious to realize every dollar I can on them."

At this information the man straightened himself up and pricked up his ears with new interest.

"I'll tell you," he said, "we are specially in need of just such a consignment of lambs for the last of this week. If those lambs are what you represent and you can get them to us by Friday noon, sharp, we'll give you a cent and a half a pound above the price I've mentioned to you. But remember they would have to be promptly at that hour or this offer would not hold good."

"I'll try and have them here, sir," said Mrs. Seego, with quiet determination. "To-day is Tuesday. I'll get home to-night. To-morrow we can get things in readiness, and ship the lambs Thursday by fast freight."

Then followed a talk on the details of the trade, Mrs. Seego also receiving full instructions as to methods of shipment.

As she left the building it was with a keen sense of pleasure over the prospect of the sale. How eager she felt for its successful completion! When she reached home she found the lambs in prime condition. Tommie had given them the best of care.

Mrs. Seego procured help, and with an energy she never dreamed of possessing, she rushed the preparations for the shipment; and when Friday noon arrived the lambs were at their destination. The check that she received in payment a few days later was a source of the deepest pride and gratification she had ever known.

The success of this transaction greatly stimulated and encouraged Mrs. Seego. She began actively and earnestly now to lay her plans for the season. Although her husband had given her so many directions for the year's operations, as she reviewed them now, she saw there was nothing tangible for her to follow. His instructions were more confusing than otherwise. And she courageously determined to throw his advice overboard and lay plans herself for her guidance. Her first step was to secure the services of the most trusty man she could find, stimulating his interest and effort by good wages.

Mr. Seego did not keep regular help on the farm. And since the farm was too large to be run by one man under his method of managing, there was much that was of necessity neglected. One feature of this method was that of making two or three trips to town each week and spending several hours talking on the streets. This loss of time told seriously in the work of the farm.

But under his wife's management no time was wasted. The man was kept diligently at work.

Patches of ground, here and there, that had been neglected for the want of time, were brought into cultivation. A larger area than usual was planted, and better care was given to the crops. In order to forward the work Mrs. Seego and Tommie did the milking; and the animals thrived under the personal care they gave them.

After correspondence with the same commission house, a consignment of veal calves, spring chickens and butter, was sent there, and another helpful check was received by Mrs. Seego. So satisfactory was the grade of her shipments to the commission house it resulted in opening a market at good prices for much of her produce.

In the meantime frequent letters came from Mr. Seego teeming with advice. "Maria, don't draw out what little we have in the bank and ruin us by making debts," one letter ran. "Do try some way and get along and not spend every thing we've been years in laying up. I expect to find things in a mess when I get home. But I ain't blaming you, for it ain't to be expected that a woman can take up a man's business and carry it on as he does. I lie here worrying from morning till night, thinking what a fix things must be in at home."

Mrs. Seego did not dare to tell him of her operations. She knew he would have no faith in them and that it would only add to his burden of mind.

One day when the planting was all finished and there was that comfortable breathing-spell on the farm which comes during the transformation of seeds to plants, Mrs. Seego stood out in the yard viewing the home and its surroundings. And a more discouraging sight could scarcely have been presented to a lover of neatness and beauty.

The paint was worn from the house and it had an old, dilapidated appearance. The front yard, which was enclosed by an old, black, broken-down board fence, had grown up to weeds and bushes. One side of the yard was ornamented by ill-smelling pig-pens. And old, rickety, combined wagon-shed and poultry house, a conspicuous, offensive object, stood near the house. Old worn-out machinery, hen coops, misplaced wood piles, old boxes and numerous other rubbish collections dotted the home landscape. (And we will just add that this is quite an accurate picture of other farms than the Seego's.)

A few fine trees stood in the yard and the location of the home was naturally pretty; but the beauty was entirely hidden by the ragged, disorderly condition of the place.

As Mrs. Seego's gaze turned from point to point on this scene, and she realized the possibilities of the place for a beautiful, pleasant home, the wrath of justice filled her soul. "Here I have lived," she reflected within herself, "for over fifteen years, and although I have worked side by side with John for our interests, I have been allowed no voice in planning our home surrounding. Our home is a disgrace to us as human beings. John's whole energies have been centered on raising crops and animals, and he has no pride in his home or family. I know I shall have no more power to change matters after John returns than I have had in the past. It is said that at some time there comes to every human being one great opportunity—just one—to use or lose. It is the turning opportunity in one's destiny. Now I believe that opportunity has come to me, and just as sure as my name is Maria Seego, I'll use it too."

Fortified by the consciousness that she was in the right, Mrs. Seego began immediately to execute her brave determination. The man and Tommie were set to work in the yard. Weeds were mowed down, bushes grubbed out and uneven places leveled off and seeded to grass. The old fence was torn away. A curving driveway was laid out from the public highway to the house and covered with gravel. A narrow strip on each side of this was plowed, smoothed, then set to young evergreens. The pig pens were removed to the rear of the barn, and the ground where they stood leveled and seeded down. The old wagon-shed was moved back; trees were trimmed; the old machinery and all the old rubbish were gathered up and disposed of; painters were hired and the house given a cheerful new dress.

All this was not accomplished in a hurry. It took the whole season, for it was done at odd hours and in the lulls of farm work. The infection of beautifying the house spread like a fever through the whole family. The children were so delighted and excited over it, in their childish zeal they worked like little beavers.

When the changes were at last completed the place would scarcely have been recognized as the same. People in passing by would exclaim in wonder, for John Seego's home was known as the shabbiest place around.

"Why, your place would sell for a thousand dollars more than before you fixed it up," said a neighbor to Mrs. Seego one day. "No one knew what a pretty place you had before."

As gratified as Mrs. Seego was over the pleasant changes, her enjoyment was robbed of its sweetness when she anticipated the scene she was sure would follow on her husband's return. But the friction might as well come first as last, she thought. For after this taste of liberty and exercise of her powers, she determined she would never again sink to the mere cipher she had hitherto been in her home.

. . . . . .

It was a bright October day when Mr. Seego arrived at the home station, just seven months after his departure. Although he had to hobble on crutches, his happy looking face showed how deep was his joy in getting home.

"It's a long time for a fellow to be cooped up a thousand miles away from home," he said, as they rode along.

"Why, Maria!" he suddenly exclaimed, noticing for the first time the shining new buggy in which they were riding; "whose buggy did you borrow?"

"Our own," she returned. "We've had nothing to ride in since we were married John, but that heavy old farm wagon. I had a chance to get this at a bergain, and so I bought it."

"Why, good heavens, Maria! I never heard of such extravagance. And that on top of all the extra expense of my sickness! Why, you've lost your senses."

"No, I haven't. I've just found them," returned Mrs. Seego, quietly. "And now, John, you needn't get surprised already. We've been making some other changes at home. But I don't want you to begin to fuss until you know of all we've done. You've been having your own way solely and absolutely for fifteen years. And since I had to run the farm this summer I've simply claimed the same privilege you have exercised so long. Turn about is fair play, you know."

As they approached their home, for which Mr. Seego was eagerly watching, a curious, puzzled look came over his face.

"Why, Maria, this ain't our place," he said, as his wife turned the horse's head in.

"Yes it is our home. But it doesn't look as it used to, does it? Isn't it pretty? You wouldn't have believed that ours was such a beautiful place, would you? But, John, don't go to complaining. I don't want you to say one word until you know all we've done."

There was no time for complaints then, anyway. For a bevy of little ones came running out to meet their father, and to witness the strange sight of their once strong father being helped from the carriage and into the house like a helpless child.

But the time soon came, the excitement of his arrival over, when he and his wife sat face to face to have their reckoning. She held an account book, and as she told him of the season's plans and labors, and one result after another, she clinched her statements with figures from her book.

"You see," she said in conclusion, "the only money I have taken from the bank is part of the money paid for the buggy. In everything else we have paid our way."

"And, John," she continued, with a spirit and confidence he never saw in his wife of old, "I believe the Lord has favored my plans, for we have never had such crops before—never such a harvest as we are gathering in. And what the Lord favors you surely ought to."

We are none of us wholly bad. John Seego was not. There come moments, they are the awakening, divine moments to the soul, when the struggling, better nature gains its long-fought-for victory, and breaks through the crust of selfishness and bigotry, by which the most of us are enveloped.

John Seego looked at his wife. There was a proud approving light in his eyes.

"Maria," he said, in brusque but honest confession, "I see I've been making a mighty big mistake in the way I've always sized you up for the last fifteen years. I've always honestly believed that women hadn't any business sense, and not much sense of any kind for that matter. But I've found out they have, after all."

The Beauty of Sympathy.

Sympathy, beautiful and pure, is apt to be marred by its being prompted merely by a sense of duty; and thus its true and natural spontaneity is veiled. It is true that the habit becomes second nature to us, and by habit we may and do develop honorable and charitable sympathy with all suffering; but the truly sympathetic are so born, and it is as impossible for them to enshroud their true desires and actions as it is "to soil a sunbeam by the touch." It is in the late youth and mature years that as a rule we see its most splendid achievements; in childhood it is apt to be in abeyance. In the old age of good people its beauty is enhanced; and yet in many instances, in the sere and yellow leaf, all that was of sympathy, what little there might have been, becomes bitterness, and the selfish man clings to what he has gained, coveting what he has not, with a tenacity which baffles description. All his treasures are on earth, and as he knows he must and shall leave them, there can be no eternal hope in him, and his mind becomes centred on that which is of short duration. He becomes "earthen," and the rest of his days are spent in sordid contemplation of what at best is but an idle dream.

Woman's Fidelity.

The obligation of fidelity will be as natural to woman in the time to come as it was in the old days, because human nature is stronger than any laws we may make to change it, and the instinctive feeling of a woman, like a dog, is fidelity—fidelity to the man she loves, the man to whom she has given herself. Education and modern influences may modify for a time the bent of her life, and may cause some women to break away and embark on other lines and ways of living, but the prodigals will return home, finding out the hollowness and the impossibility of the career they prepared for themselves.

From physical causes, women cannot lead the same lives as men, do what they may, and as nature, in her wisdom, has placed such restrictions on them, they will recognize, after a time, their limitations, and be content to admit that they have been worsted in the unequal struggle.

A London paper comments upon Miss Francis Willard's effective manner as she appears before large audiences. Through great self contral accompanied by sympathy, she is able completely control her hearers.

ELOCUTIONARY.

A SWELL WEDDIN'.

E hed sed (me and Mr. Bowers), after thet tryin' trip we tuk to Kansas, thet nothin' short of death could git us to travelin' agin. But la! the best of folks will change their minds—fer we did. An' the reason of it wuz, Ephr'um got a urgin' letter from Lamson Fuller, the oldest boy of Mahaly Fuller (she thet wuz Mahaly Bowers, Ephr'um's sister), wantin' us to come out to British Columbia an' spend the winter.

Lamson an' his brother hed went to British Columbia from Lanark some fifteen year ago, an' hed been gettin' richer all the time. An' they hadn't much to start on, nuther, for their pa only give 'em two hundred dollars apiece, thet bein' their sheer of the farm. But they wuz stiddy, an' sharp on the trade—an' la! 'twan't no time till they wuz wuth thousands. Yit, with all their money they hedn't fergot us old folks clean back in Lanark. An' ef you'll believe me, them boys sent us an' their ma money enough to pay our way clean to British Columbia, fer they 'lowed Mahaly'd hev no excuse about goin' ef we went. But do you think that woman'ud go?

"No, ma'am," says she, "I'll put thet money into suthin' where it'll show. There's four things I've been needin' an' wantin' fer two years a incubator, a sassage-grinder, a sheep-shearer an' a Jersey heifer. An' now's my chance to git 'em."

Now, between you an' me, Mahaly allays hez been an' allays will be close; she's closter'n the bark on a beech-tree. She'd hed plenty all the time to git those things, but wuz too pesky stingy to get 'em. But she see she either hed to go to British Columbia on this money an' "waste it," as she said, or put it in suthin' about the farm, fer the boys wouldn't hear to her hoardin' it up.

Well, Ephr'um an' me done our best to git her to go; but we see it wuz wastin' breath, so we quit, an' commenced gittin' ourselves ready.

Ephr'um wuz settin' in the post-office one day, talkin', when in walked Hezikier Tumper, an' says he:

"Heerd you're goin' West, Mr. Bowers."

"Yes," says Ephr'um; "me an' Marthy 'low to go Wednesday week."

"Thet so?" says Hezikier. "Well, we cacklated to go in a couple of weeks or sech a matter. Mebby we could resh things a leetle an' go with you folks."

"I hope you kin, now, shore," says Ephr'um; "fer I know the women-folks 'ud injoy bein' together. It must be pesky tejus to be shet up in them keers fer a hull week."

"Well, 'tis, but I don't 'low we'll mind it much ef we go together," says Hezikier. "But who be you goin' to visit out there, Mr. Bowers?"

"Well," says Ephr'um, "I hope you ain't fergot Mahaly Fuller's boys, Lamson an' Asy? They went out West about the same time Varley's mill burned that's fifteen year ago. Don't you recolleck?"

"Lawful Hunt!" says Hezikier. "Do you know, I'd plumb fergot them boys? How be they gittin' on?"

"Fine, fine! They're rich as egg. It'll be a nice place to visit, I'm a-thinkin'."

"'Twill so," says Hezikier. "Well, I'm a-goin' there fer good 'n' all. My Priscilly thinks she'd like ter hev me an' her ma livin' in the same town she does, long's we're gittin' old. Now, Priscilly's man is a square feller all the way through; he's expectin' to git me some kind of a job, an' says even ef I don't git work right off, he 'lows he kin take keer of me an' ma. I'll tell you, Mr. Bowers, there hain't many men thet hez a son-in-law like mine."

"Yes, sir," says Ephr'um, "Priscilly done well; they hain't non of us thet'll argy thet point. Now, about our goin' out together. I'll talk to Marthy, an' you see ef you can't hustle your wife around so's we kin git off Wednesday week."

When Ephr'um come home an' wuz tellin' me, I jest put on my bunnit an' shawl an' went immejiately over to see Mis' Tumper. I told her I wouldn't hear to her not goin' fer we'd be a great deal of company to each other."

"Well," says she, "I'll put in my best licks, an' I reckin I kin git ready—'thout I should hev company to hinder me."

Of course, Mis' Tumper hed extry work to do, a-cookin her pervisions to eat on the road, but I wuz red of thet job, fer the boys hed sent money enough to pay fer our meals in a stylish dinin'-car; so I says to Ephr'um, "We might as well put on a leetle airs fer once in our lives."

We got off on the app'inted day, an' sech a trip. I wisht everybody in this forlorn world could afford to go. An' the eatin' is suthin' grand. The only thing that bothered me wuz the price, fer it didn't 'pear's ef I got the wuth of my money; even ef I did eat right smart, a dollar a meal's a good deal to pay. But la! I couldn't eat nigh all they brung me, an' some of the goodies I couldn't even tech by the time I got to 'em. Speakin' of eatin', I wisht you'd a-seen Ephr'um; ef he didn't git the wuth of his money I don't know who did. Says he, "Marthy, I'll eat everything they fetch, ef it kills me." An' it mighty nigh did, fer after we got out to Lamson's he hed dyspepsy so bad he couldn't sleep o' nights. Why, thet man took quart after quart of hop bitters mixed with pepsin and gingseng, an' it never done him a mite of good. When he went to git some perscription medicine, the doctor told him he'd jest hev to stop eatin'; that is, sech hearty vittals. The thoughts of givin' up his eatin' hurt Ephr'um dretful, fer he's allays been a monsterus good feeder.

But I started out to tell you about the weddin', an' here I am wanderin' around in the wilderness, as it were.

Well, to commence agin' we went to Lamson's fust, to visit, long's he's the oldest. Thet man hez the beautifullest home I ever see, an' the furniture 'peared like it wuz too pritty to use. We reely felt out of place, me an' Ephr'um—not sayin' we hain't used to nuthin', but this house 'peared too fine fer human bein's to live in. Lamson tried to make us feel at home, but his wife was a leetle airy an' uppish; an' between you an' me, I don't think Frances (thet's Lamson's wife's name) wuz expectin' us; 't eny rate, she looked kinder dumbfuddled, an' I believe she'd a-ruther we'd a-waited till some other time to come, on account of Mayla (thet's their daughter) goin' to be married. You know, Lamson named her fer his ma—Mahaly—but girl-like, she wa'n't in no notion of hevin' thet "oncarthly name," as she called it, so she changed it to Mayla. But still she wuz named fer her grandma.

Well, from the time we got there it wuz continuel hubbub an' fussin' around—dressmakers trottin' in an' out, storekeepers bringin' boxes an' bundles. Why, la! I never see so many fineries as thet girl hed. There hain't no use of it—it's extravergance; but girls will do it.

About a couple of days after we come they sent out the cards fer the weddin', an' besides the reg'lar invite in the envelop, there wuz a ticket to git into the church. Now, ain't thet a queer idee? Says I to Frances:

"How much is them tickets apiece? Will they take the money fer 'em at the church door or send it to the house?"

"Heavens, woman!" said Frances. "Charge fer those cards of invitation? What do you mean?"

"Well," says I, "don't git so techy. I 'lowed you'd laid out a good deal of money on them invites, an' them tickets, or cards of invite, as you call 'em, ought to be wuth twenty-five cents apiece, an' in thet way you'd git your money back."

"We're not tryin' to git our money back, Mis' Bowers," says she.

"Oh, pshaw! Frances," says I, "I'd like to hev you call me 'Aunt Marthy.' It 'ud sound more sociable-like."

"I will when I don't forget," says she.

"Now," says I, "let me help you in the kitchen; fer if I do say it, an' shouldn't, I'm a master hand at makin' pound-cake, mince an' punkin pies an sech like. Then I know you'll want pressed chicken, an' I kin fix that beautiful, ef you'll give me a few celery tops—or turnip tops 'ud do." She wuz on the p'int of leavin' the room, but she turned around, with her eyebrows riz clean to the middle of her forrud—an' she's got a high forrud—an' says she in witherin' tones:

"We can get along without your assistance."

I seed right away that I'd riled her, but I 'lowed she'd want me to help, else I shouldn't 'a' offered. I wuz tellin' Ephr'um what Frances said to me, an' says he:

"Let 'em alone. They don't need your help; an' what's more, they don't want it. Can't you see they don't? You're too meddlesome."

His sayin' this riled me some few, an' I up an' told him I hedn't lived with him thirty-five year 'thout knowin' what work wuz; an' I wuzn't willin' to set around with my hands folded, a-idlin' my time away.

After this episode I kep' myself from offerin' to help; but the day before the weddin', here come the man from the flower gardens, which wuz a leetle ways out of town, an' I know he must 'a' brung three wagon-loads of flowers an' green plants, for "decorations," as Frances said. Then it wuz I plumb fergot my good resolutions about not offerin' to help; I jest reshed right down-stairs, an' says I:

"Now, Frances, do let me make the bokays. I kin make the purtiest flat ones, ef I do say it."

With thet, the flower feller turned to me as impedent as you please, an' says he:

"Flat bouquets are out of date, old lady."

Well, I wuz thet mad I hed to git out of the room, fer I wuz afeered my tongue 'ud git away from me.

The mornin' of the weddin' arove, an' Frances wuz oncommon nice to me. Thinks I to myself, "She must hev some ax to grind." Pretty soon she come an' put her arms around me, an' says she:

"Aunt Martha, you don't look well this morning."

I kinder sniggered to myself, fer I see what she wuz fishin' at. Then says she:

"Don't you think you an' Uncle Ephr'um hed better go over to Asy's an' stay till after the weddin'?"

"Oh, no," says I. "Me an' Ephr'um wouldn't miss the weddin' fer nuthin'; an' I never felt better in my life than I do this mornin', Frances."

Then says she, "Well, of course you won't care to go to the church?"

"Yes, indeed, we do; we wouldn't slight Mayly like thet," says I.

"But," says Frances, "all the carriages are taken."

"La! thet's no difference," says I. "Me an' Ephr'um kin git an early start an' walk, easy 'nough. Jest give us our tickets an' we'll git there all right."

"Well, you shall not walk; there'll be some way provided for you to go," says Frances, in freezin' tones.

The weddin' wuzn't to be till twelve o'clock,

but I got ready early—about eight o'clock. I put on my black bombazine an' my white croshayed lace collar thet Mis' Tumper give me, as we come out together. The minute Ephr'um set eyes on me, says he:

"Marthy, I never see you look so bloomin' in my life. Why, you'll look like the bride, only purtier."

I told him to quit his flatterin'; but to tell the truth, me an' Mayly does favor each other—an' she's a mighty pritty girl.

The kerrige come fer us real early, fer we wanted to git there an' see all the folks come in. It wa'n't more'n twenty minutes after we'd got to the church till the percession hove in sight at the door. Now let me see ef I kin remember jest how they come. Fust wuz four fellers with clawhanner coats; then come four girls dressed in pink an' carryin' emense bokays of pink roses. Follerin' them come a girl walkin' alone—most likely her pardner wuz sick. She hed on a pale laylock dress, an' wuz carryin' a bunch of yaller roses. Then last come Mayly, with a trail four yards long, but she was leanin' on her father's arm. Says I to Ephr'um:

"Land o' Goshen! Where's Mayly's young man? Do you reckin he's played off on her?"

"He ain't in sight; it does look thet way," says he.

But just thet minute a door opened at the side of the pulpit, an' he (Mayly's young man) come walkin' out with another feller, an' they went right over to where Mayly wuz standin' with her pa. Then follered the ceremony, which I couldn't hear; so I spent my time lookin' around. I wuz dretful put out about where I set, fer I wanted a seat in the amen corner, an' told 'em so; but they never paid a mite of attention, an' they put us way back nigh the door.

Well, it wa'n't but a few minutes till the big organ tuned up agin fer 'em to walk out, an' the knot wuz tied—she thet wuz Mayly Fuller is Mrs. Howard Allison. Me an' Ephr'um stood in the pew an' wuz takin' in the sights—the colored-glass winders, the flowers, the big organ, an' sich like, an' we didn't really know how time wuz flyin'. When we got out on the sidewalk, there wa'n't a kerrige in sight, so there wuz nuthin' fer us to do but walk. Of course, that made us late fer the gatherin' at the house; but it couldn't be helped, so I tried not to be rily.

Me an' Ephr'um didn't wait fer Frances or Lamson to interduce us; we jest went around shakin' hands an' interducin' ourselves. They wuz all a real pleasant-spoken lot of people, but they wa'n't as sociable as they might 'a' been. But the very most onsociable one at the gatherin' wuz Mayly's ma-in-law. I tried to git up a conversation with her, so's to make her feel easy in Lamson's house; but I hed a tussle to git a word out of her. Finally, I got to talkin' about the weddin' presents, an' I asked her what she give the bride.

"Oh," says she, "I gave them a Steinway."

"What might thet be?" says I.

She looked at me as sneerin', an' says she:

"A piano, of course."

"La!" says I, "do they call 'em Steinways out here? I never heerd them called anything but pianers. I declare, you done well by 'em. Me an' Mr. Bowers give 'em a beautiful amber glass tea-set of four pieces—a sugar-bowl, cream, pitcher, butter-dish an' spoon-tumbler. We wuz kinder undecided fer awhile; Mr. Bowers wanted to hev the sugar-bowl an' cream-pitcher of blue glass an' the other two pieces of yaller, but they wouldn't break the sets. Now, it 'pears to me they might 'a' broke the sets, long's they wuz a dollar apiece. I've looked amongst the presents, an' I didn't see nuthin' of it; but of course it's there somers. Did you see anything of it, Mis' Allison?"

"No, I saw nothing in yellow glass," says she.

I see she didn't want to talk about the presents, so I thought mebbe I could get her to talk ef I said suthin' about her dress, fer she 'peared kinder vain. So says I:

"Thet lace trimmin' on your dress is mighty pritty." She kinder smiled an' nodded her head. "But," says I, "don't you think the color of thet goods is most too bright fer a woman your age? You must be every day of sixty—you look it; fer I'm fifty-seven, an' I know you're older'n I be."

Sech a look as thet woman give me! I wuz actually skeered. Why, the sparks fairly flew out of her eyes, an' says she:

"You impertinent creature! How dare you?"

An' with thet she flounced away, leavin' me plumb beat out. "Now," thinks I, "I've made her mad; an' I 'lowed to go spend the day with her before I went home."

But I didn't say nuthin' but the truth, an' I reckon you'll agree with me on that p'int, when I tell you how she wuz dressed. She hed on a canary-colored silk dress, cut low so's to show her neck (which wuz as wrinkled as a russet apple and nigh the same color); an' the sleeves wuz a leetle below her elbows, an' she hed on gloves the same color as her dress. The skirt wuz made with a long trail, an' ketched up here an' there with bunches of yaller daisies an' black lace. Now, I hain't a-sayin' but what this dress 'ud 'a' looked pritty on a young girl, but it looked fur from it on thet old woman. As I said to Ephr'um, she put me in mind of a old, dried-up dandelion. But he wouldn't say nuthin' agin Mis' Allison's dress. I think it kinder worries Ephr'um to think I don't care more'n I do about society; but 'tain't in me. Howsomever, I did feel lordly when I got to mixin' around amongst thet fine-dressed crowd. How I did wish some of my Sapville friends could 'a' seen me, as I meandered free an' easy through them han'some rooms, speakin' to my right an' to my left. I reckon it 'ud 'a' surprised 'em some few. An' what they hed to eat wuz "a feast fit fer the gods," to use poetical language.

I hain't time to tell you all the partic'lars, but I must tell you about the cake. They give everybody thet wuz there a piece of the weddin'-cake, done up in a white satin box an' tied with ribbon. I think it wuz a real pritty idee.

Well, after they'd got done distributin' the cake, an' Mayly an' her husband hed been congratilated, they begun gittin' ready to go 'way, bein's they wanted to ketch the evenin' train, to start on their weddin' trip.

Thet evenin', after everything was over, Lamson come up to me, an' says he:

"Aunt Marthy, this is what we call a swell wedding. What do you think of it?"

"Well," says I, "ef swell means big, fine, happyfyin', you've struck the term azactly."

My Chum.

I am twenty-nine years of age, and I have been a bachelor all my life. I have very pretty apartments well up town, my club, "money," enough friends, a good pedigree they say, and am altogether fortunate. In addition I had a chum.

It was on my twenty-fifth birthday that we first met. I was lonely, and wandered out of the club, and down into the mercantile part of the city. I stood in front of a big window, listlessly gazing at some curious little pictures; I remember they were etchings of scenes in Switzerland. By and by I went in, and then I first saw my chum.

He was standing over in a corner of the little shop, but he did not turn his face when I entered. He was a tall, slender fellow, with a very pale face and very regular features.

He was clad in a sort of dark-brown stuff, which, taking into consideration the intense pallor of his face, struck me as very becoming. I never liked brown before.

Somehow I was struck by him, and called the shopkeeper to me, and asked who he was. The merchant replied that he thought he was originally English, and had been connected with some old family, which had gone to pieces; and so he had drifted to America. Anyway he introduced him to me.

He was a peculiar-looking fellow. He was so very tall, and so very pale, and he had little lines all over his face, which made it hard to tell how old he was. But he had such pretty hands I quite fell in love with them. They were long and slender, and he never carried them, as many fellows do, in his pockets. He was one of the few I have met, who never seem to have a realizing sense of the, at times, infinite receptiveness of pockets.

He did not seem at all embarrassed when I met him, but in that quiet, dignified way that some otherwise uninteresting individuals have, he was able to get along by saying very little. During that first hour I was with him he spoke just twice, and then not so much apparently out of courtesy to me as to himself. I liked him, though, he was so good-looking and dignified and had such extremely good manners, even if he was a little reserved. When I went out, I inquired again about him, and the shopkeeper said he was there generally every afternoon anyway. So I got into the habit of going down to the little shop about two o'clock afternoons.

At the end of two weeks we had become pretty well acquainted, and then one day I thought I would keep count of how much he said.

From 2.45 to 4.45 he made just nine remarks.

Things went on, and one day it dawned on me that it would be a good plan for him and me to be chums. So I suggested it to him, and in his quiet way he assented, and that night he went home with me.

He was a funny fellow. It was just at dusk that we got to my den, and the room was dark. As we entered it, his pale face seemed to light up, and I knew he liked the place, though, as usual, he said nothing. He stood leaning against the mantel and gazed into the fire. I found out afterward that this was a favorite position of his, and night after night when I came home late (and he always stayed up for me), I would find him in the same position, gazing into the coals. He had some very marked peculiarities, but I loved him as I never loved anyone else, not even myself. Never boisterous, always dignified, unobtrusive, watchful, yet not critical, he was the truest of friends.

He never said a great deal to me, but I loved to hear him speak. He had such a sweet, gentle voice, and he always seemed to say just the right thing at just the right time.

I remember one night I came in some time after midnight, and in my impetuous way I went up to him, and, standing beside him, said, "Old fellow, how many friends have you in the world?" And he looked at me with that pale face of his, and simply answered "One." And I was so pleased that I didn't ask him another question, but left him by the mantel and went to bed.

Weeks passed into months, months rolled on into years, and still my chum and I lived on together. I loved him more and more, and I think it was reciprocated. But with him you could never tell.

It was one blustering night in March that I came home very late, and as I entered my room saw my chum was still waiting for me. And just as usual, I said, "Well, old man, what time is it?" For the remark was a kind of joke between us.

His face looked paler and ghastlier than ever, and in a poor, weak, pathetic voice he softly answered, "Three." Then there was a little rattle in his chest, and he was gone. Yes, gone. There had been a whir and a rattle, a few wheels had dropped out of place, its pale face rested against its pretty hands, and my dear old friend was gone.

Yet I still think my chum had a history.

Love me Now.

If you're ever going to love me,
  Love me now while I can know
All the sweet and tender feelings
  Which from real affection flow.
Love me now while I am living –
  Do not wait till I am gone,
And then chisel it in marble—
  Warm love-words on ice-cold stone.

If you've dear, sweet thoughts about me,
  Why not whisper them to me?
Don't you know 'twould make me happy,
  And as glad as glad can be?
If you wait till I am sleeping,
  Ne'er to waken here again,
There'll be walls of earth between us,
  And I couldn't hear you then.

If you knew some one was thirsting
  For a drop of water sweet,
Would you be so slow to bring it?
  Would you step with laggard feet?
There are tender hearts all 'round us,
  Who are thirsting for our love;
Shall we deny to them what Heaven
  Has kindly sent us from above?

I won't feel your kind caresses
  When the grass grows o'er my face;
I won't crave your love or kisses
  In my last, low resting place.
So, if you do love me any,
  If it's but a little bit,
I'd rather know it now while I
  Can, living, own and treasure it.

"Noonings."

"Run upstairs now, dear, and take your noon-ing," said a friend whom I was visiting to her little daughter. "Her what?" I asked.

"Her noon rest, which is usually a nap," my friend replied, while May herself exclaimed, "Oh, please, mamma, not to-day."

"Yes, May, the sooner you go the sooner you can come back to us."

After a short pause, during which she seemed about to remonstrate again, but evidently thought better of it, the child danced off.

When she had gone my friend turned to me with a smile. "It would doubtless sound absurd to some people," she said, "to send a grown child off for a nap every day, but in May's case it is necessary. Her quick temper and fault-finding ways used to cause me great anxiety before I realized that it was the direct result of exhausted nerve-force—not a naturally bad disposition.

"I might never have found this out had it not been for a wise old aunt of mine. 'That child does not mean to be naughty,' my aunt said to me one afternoon when, after correcting May for repeated disobedience she had left the room in a passion of angry tears; 'she is thoroughly tired out, that is all. Why not have her take regular noonings?'

"She explained her suggestion further, and I adopted it with most satisfactory results. At first May rebelled, but, by reasoning with her and allowing her some extra treat afterwards, until she became accustomed to it, I soon got her to like the idea.

"By resting after the noon meal she has few attacks of indigestion to which children are so prone; she is happy and interested in work or play during the afternoon, and when her father comes home at night he finds a good-natured child, instead of one who is irritable and fractious.

"I began this plan four years ago, when she was eight years old, and I shall persevere with it until May is old enough and has sufficient discretion to decide for herself whether she needs it or not. I hope the habit will become so fixed that it will last through life, for it works like a charm, and is a capital specific for wrinkles, I know, for I, too, have tried it." And my rosy, jolly hostess laughed.

An hour later May returned, and the child who had been complaining that the sun was too bright and her frock too warm was now the embodiment of sweet temper, and as she took her place in the carriage with us, I noticed that her strained nerves and muscles had relaxed, and that her usually restless little body was quiet.

It occurred to me then that women of all ages, mothers especially, as my friend hinted, might find the plan a profitable one. There is scarcely a housekeeper who—if she made at first the effortthat in some cases doubtless would be required—could not retire to her own room for a longer or shorter time after the noon work was done, take off her gown, throw herself on the bed or couch and with closed eyes and relaxed muscles, stay there from ten minutes to sixty, as her duties would allow.

However busy a life one might lead, this little rest would be both time and money saved in the end, and not only one's self, but one's family would benefit by it.

Moth Preventive.

In this age of fearful moth preventive smells it is worth while to know that moths will never go where there are lavender-bags. Even where they have begun their ravages in furs or feathers it is said that a lavish sprinkling of the articles with good lavender-water will prevent further damage.

No one can ask for a purer or pleasanter odor about garments. A liberal distribution of lavender sachets in closets, drawers and trunks will give you the satisfaction of making sweeter your belongings with the weapon which drives away their depredators. Put a lavender sachet in your piano if you fear moths will ravage the felt.

Service.

The moral greatness of service makes it life's truest and best purpose. Whether you call it altruism, charity, enthusiasm of humanity, it is the voluntary taking of something from yourself to give to another. The child and the savage have little of this disposition. It only comes with culture and development.

Useful Things to Know.

Clean hard finished walls with ammonia water.

Rub whitewash spots with strong vinegar.

Darn thin places in blankets as you would stockings.

Rub soft grease over tar and then wash in warm soda water.

Straw matting is best cleaned with a cloth wet with salt water. Wipe dry.

If the drain to an iron sink becomes clogged with grease, have recourse to potash.

Pearl knife handles should be rubbed with a salt rag dipped in fine table salt, then polish with leather.

Put a saucepan of boiling water in the oven and the steam will keep the bread crust smooth and tender.

The best way to mend torn leaves of books is to paste them with white tissue paper. The print will show through it.

If gilt frames, when new, are covered with a coat of white varnish, all specks can then be washed off with water without harm.

When baking bread or cake, never bang your oven doors when closing them, as the sudden jar may make the bread or cake heavy.

Knee pads for boys may be made out of an old heavy, black sock doubled before cutting out. Bind with braid and add the fastenings from a worn- out pair of "protectors."

When threading a needle in a dim light, hold in such a way as to outline a white thread against your dark gown. If using dark thread, the hand or anything white makes a helpful background.

Oilcloth may be improved in appearance by rubbing it with a mixture of a half ounce of beeswax in a saucerful of turpentine. Set this in a warm place until they can be thoroughly mixed. Apply with a flannel cloth then rub with a dry flannel.

A Treasured Necklace.

A lovely pearl necklace which one of last winter's lucky debutantes received as a coming-out gift was the result of wise forethought on the part of her mother. She began buying the pearls for it on her baby's first birthday, adding one, perfectly matched, on every succeeding birthday, till the strand was completed. Think what a treasure this was for the young maiden—a precious pearl for every birthday—none costing more, probably, than hundreds of prosperous and indulgent parents spend always in toys and perishable or transient pleasures on birthday anniversaries, of all which expenditure it is a chance if any souvenir outlasts a year.

Self-Dependence Versus Self-Subservience.

The tyranny one so frequently sees exercised in families by certain so-called strong wills over weaker natures is a cause for regret and pity. Censure is due those who practice such tyranny, but vastly more for those who allow their claims to certain rights and privileges to be thrown aside to make way for the stronger and more imperious will.

A mind incapable of thinking and acting on its own responsibility fails to win respect from others.

Parents have a responsibility in this direction which is not always recognized by them. The child should be taught self-reliance in the truest sense of the word very early in life, and it should be developed and strengthened with his growth.

How many can look back to youth and recall what seemed then a stern reply to some every-day question of more or less interest. "Decide for yourself," said the angel in disguise. "Do not always ask some one to do it for you." And we live to bless the wise and kind heart who threw us so directly back on our own resources, and usually such means were not found wanting.

A certain amount of deference is naturally and rightfully paid by younger people toward those who have years of experience to look back upon. But in the trifling, every-day questions young people should be compelled to decide for themselves, for there will come a time that will surely demand these qualities for graver questions, and will ask for a promptness and firmness of character which will exclude all advice and help from those to whom we may appeal for lesser aid.

Sand Pile Adjuncts.

A mother tells how she made her child as happy as the owner of the most costly and best equipped yacht. It may suggest ideas for some other child's pleasure this summer.

Probably most well-regulated children in these days have a sand pile, but my boy had two or three accessories that very much enhanced his pleasure. They were simply two dozen bricks and a dozen different lengths of nicely planed boards, varying from one to three and a half feet. I also sank a large shallow pan in the ground, and on the days when the little fellow was allowed to fill it with water, and wear his scrap of a flannel bathing suit, and sail his remarkable fleet of boats therein, assisted by a pair of bellows, hilarity ran high.

Kitchen Odors.

Few things are more disagreeable in warm weather than the odor of cooking which pervades the house, and which by most housekeepers is regarded as a necessary evil; hence the cause is never investigated or the remedy considered.

So many trifles contribute to the unpleasant whole, that a study of the subject must be made in order to reach the source of the trouble. Many people blame the use of gas or oil stoves, particularly when meats are baked in them, for this smell of cooing. This is a mistake. An oven that is not clean or well ventilated, as well as one that is overheated, almost always gives forth an unpleasant smell. Again, it may be traced to burned fat, which escapes from the pan, or if the odor is emitted from boiling, it is usually due to the liquor boiling over from the sides of the pot.

An entire absence of the smell of cooking from any kitchen where culinary operations are going on is not to be expected, but it may be confined to the kitchen, and need not be allowed, as it often is, to destroy the appetite of everyone in the house.

Perfect cleanliness in all cooking utensils, plenty of fresh air freely admitted and a well-ventilated oven will tend toward relief in the way of strong odors in the kitchen.

Many times the unpleasant odors are not wholly due to cooking, but are indirectly connected with it, and add to the sum total of foulness brought out by the heat of the fire and the various processes going on. This may be said of the refuse left to stand about, such as egg-shells, fish-bones, vegetable peelings and decayed fruit, which should all be disposed of at once. It takes no more time to attend to these things in the beginning than in the end, and the result of doing the work at the proper time is most satisfactory.

Small attentions of this kind in the kitchen, with the free use of borax for washing up, as well as for pouring down sink-pipes, will aid greatly to keeping down smells, whether from oven, baking-pan, broiling-iron, or soup-kettle.

Cooking by Electricity.

There is no doubt that elecrical cooking-stoves would be in general demand were it not for the expense of running them. Electricity for cooking purposes has already been introduced into the homes of a number of families, and it simplifies all the operations of cooking in a really marvelous manner. There is no doubt that the inventors will, before many years, discover a way whereby electricity can be provided at a cost that will not exceed that of common fuel. An ordinary electrical cooking-stove looks very much like a common table upon which the dishes have been carelessly placed. The only peculiar thing noticeable is the green wire which runs from the dishes to the wall. All utensils likely to grow hot are incased in slate, marble or other non-conductors of heat. The electricity is controlled by a number o little screws much like those on incandescent lamps. In some of them the windows of the oven are made of glass, and the interior is illuminated with a miniature electric light, so that the condition of the baking within can be seen without opening the door. An arrangement has also been devised by means of which the heat in the various parts of the oven can be readily increased or diminished, thus providing effectually against pies with raw bottom crusts and unevenly baked roasts. Soups are cooked with a ladle-like utensil, the spoon part of which is heated to a high temperate by electricity. When the soup is stirred with this appliance it rapidly reaches the boiling-point. Mince pies can be cooked in ten minutes, and a whole dinner does not require more than an hour and a half. In addition to these advantages, the electricity can be so controlled on hot days that the kitchen is as cool as any other part of the house.

Some Good Recipes.

Coffee I.—For every cup of coffee desired, allow a level tablespoon of ground coffee, not too fine. Use egg, in the proportion of one, (shell and all) for a dozen cups. Stir egg and coffee with sufficient cold water to make a thick paste—add as much boiling water (not merely hot) measured, as planned. Stop the spout of the coffee pot with clean paper or cloth, to prevent escape of aroma, and stand where it will keep hot, but not boil, nor even simmer, for twenty minutes. Serve in hot cups in which the sugar and hot cream (or hot milk) has been already placed. Be sure that cups and milk are hot and the "seasoning" is in the cups before the coffee is.

Coffee II.—Use above proportions of coffee, water and egg, putting water on cold. Let stand where it will come to a boil quickly, and as soon as it does this, set it back five minutes. Serve at once and as above. Stale coffee, with the "life" all cooked out of it, and from which the aroma has escaped is an "abomination" in the sight, and to the taste (and nose!) of your dainty housewife, or epicurean coffee drinker.

Suggestions.—It isn't best to be "stingy" of milk in this beverage. Coffee made very strong and diluted with hot milk, is delicious as none other.

If the French or "percolated" beverage is desired, and you have no "French coffee pot" get your good-natured husband, (if you are so fortunate as to have one; if not "anybody, Lord") to fit a wire rim to the top of the coffee pot, you have, and in such a way, that it can be put on and taken off. (I've done it myself, so it can't be very difficult!)

Sew a cheese cloth bag to this, large enough to hold the coffee for your family. Prepare the coffee as in No. 1; turn it into the bag and pour the boiling water in it. Cover and set back to "drip" fifteen or twenty minutes.

In any case, measure both coffee and water! Haphazard drink is very uncertain!!

Scrambled Eggs.—Break each egg by itself in a dish, before putting in the frying pan, which stands on the stove warmed and buttered. For each egg allow a tablespoon of milk, which put into the buttered "spider" as we call it here, and let it get hot before putting in the salt and eggs. Set where all will cook slowly, and don't stir until the whites begin to "set." Then move to where they will cook more rapidly, and stir with long strokes. (This will give the opaque part of it a chance to distribute in larger pieces than if cut by "chopping" and is prettier.) Turn into a hot dish while yet soft.

Stewed Potatoes.—Butter the frying pan and put where it will warm slowly, so as not to scorch the butter. If the potatoes are raw, put in water, and slice the potatoes very thin. Cover and boil quickly. Add milk, salt, and flour, stirred to a smooth paste in cold milk, for a gravy. When this is thoroughly cooked, add butter according to your taste (and means) and turn into a hot dish before the potatoes get "mussy."

If you use cold potatoes, heat the milk in the buttered frying pan; cut the potatoes thin and add them after having thickened the milk slightly with flour mixed with cold milk. Add butter and salt, and dish up hot, without allowing them to cook to pieces. Garnish with parsley.

Tomato Soup.—Cook thoroughly a dozen ripe tomatoes, and add a pinch of salt and a half teaspoon of baking soda, and a tablespoon of butter. Strain through a colander. (They should be cooked in granite or porcelain. Tin or iron should never be used for acid fruits or vegetables.) Heat two quarts of milk, to which add a teacup of bread or cracker crumbs. Serve in hot dishes with buttered toast. This will serve eight people.

Potato Soup.—Mash potatoes and season as for table, beating with a large fork until "creamy." Use rich milk, to which add cream or a little butter, and heat two quarts. Stir the mashed potato in slowly, and when again cooked up, serve in hot dishes with celery, and hot buttered toast. As a substitute for oyster stew, when oysters are out of season (or out of "reach") I know nothing equal to this nourishing, yet delicate dish—some people preferring it to its more expensive prototype.

Chicken Salad.—Measure the meat, from which every last bone has been picked. (If "short" of chicken, piece out with lean, fresh pork, boiled until very tender.) Add double the quantity of cabbage, celery, and lettuce, equal parts. Mix thoroughly and over all turn the liquor, or so much of it as is needed, in which the chicken was cooked. Chop in coarse pieces two hard boiled eggs for each quart of the mixture. Salt to taste. Set away in a cool place, (in earthenware or glass) until ten or fifteen minutes before wanted. Mix thoroughly with the following:—For each quart of salad allow two eggs, well beaten; a table spoon of melted butter (salad oil if preferred), a teaspoon of mustard and a cup of vinegar. Stir the mustard smooth, with a little of the vinegar; add the rest, and the eggs, with a pinch of salt and the butter. Cook slowly, so as not to curdle. Use it cold.

How to Cook Carrots.

Carrots in Cream.—Wash and scrape the carrots, let them boil fifteen minutes, then drain off the water, cut them in thin slices, add boiling milk to cover them nicely, put in a generous lump of butter, and use pepper to taste. Just before serving add salt to taste. After draining off the water, slice them while in the stew pan, so they will not become cold before the milk is added. They should cook at least fifteen minutes in the milk, and great care should be used to keep them from becoming burned.

Carrot Soup.—This may be made in two ways. First, add a pint of sliced carrots and half a minced onion to three pints of soup stock, cover the soup kettle closely, and set it on the back of the stove where it will boil slowly for three hours, then serve with bits of toasted bread. Second, prepare the carrots as for creamed carrots, using a little more milk and butter, and putting the carrots through a colander instead of slicing them. Stir in a half teacupful of cracker crumbs just before serving. To have these crumbs just right, the crackers must be toasted, rolled while hot, and added to the soup immediately.

Iced Vegetables.

An English household authority recommends iced vegetables as very wholesome and delicious for luncheons.

To prepare them, cook the vegetables and dress them with sauce or melted butter while warm, and set them in the refrigerator until chilled. Arrange on a dish, garnish with pickles, sliced lemon or salad leaves. Or the sauce may be made very cold, and sent to the table in a separate dish, to be served with the cold vegetables.

For a company luncheon, break ice very small put in a small, round, glass dish and set in the center of a dish of cold vegetables. A few crisp lettuce leaves, cress or parsley, may be arranged in the bowl of ice, and will give a very pretty effect.

FANCY WORK

Square for Counterpane.

This is a pretty design for top of pincushion, for a doily, or it may be used with squares of embroidered linen for counterpanes, or the entire counterpane may be made of the crocheted squares joined together.

Commence in the centre of large rosette with 4 ch, join in a ring.

First round—8 d c under the ring.

Second round—2 d c in each d c of last round.

Third round—2 d c in each of 2 d c; 15 ch, miss 5 ch, 1 tr in next; 2 ch, miss 2 ch, 1 tr in next; 2 ch, miss 2, 1 tr in next; 3 ch, s c through the last d c in second row; repeat from beginning of round seven times more; end with 1 s c in first d c.

Fourth round—1 s c into back of 4 d c under the ring; 1 s c and 4 d c under 3 ch; 1 d c in next tr; 3 d c under next 2 ch; 1 d c in next tr, 3 d c under next 2 ch; 1 d c in next tr, 3 d c under 2 c h; 1 d c in next tr, 6 d c under end ch; work down the second side as you did the first; then repeat from beginning of round seven times more.

Fifth round—4 ch, miss 4 st, 1 s c in next; * 3 ch, miss 1 st, 1 s c in next; repeat from * twice more; ** 4 ch, 1 d c in next st; repeat from ** ten times more; *** 3 ch, miss 1 st, 1 d c in next; repeat from *** twice more; 1 s c into the s c worked into back of work in last round; then repeat from the beginning of the round seven times more.

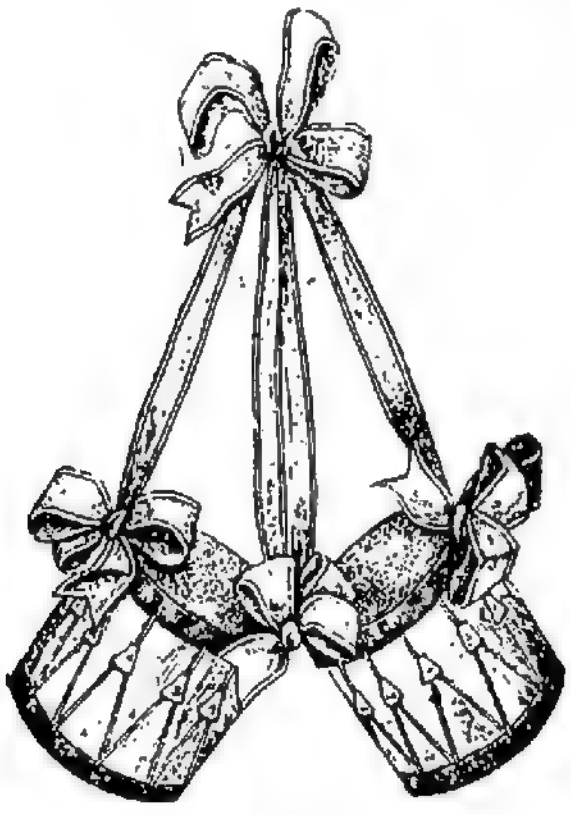
For the corner rosettes, commence in the centre with 4 ch, join in a ring.

First round—6 d c under the ring.

Second round—2 d c in each d c of last round.

Third round—2 d c in each of 2 d c; 10 ch, miss 5, 1 tr in next; 4 ch, 1 s c in last d c just made; repeat from beginning of round five times more; 1 s c in first d c.

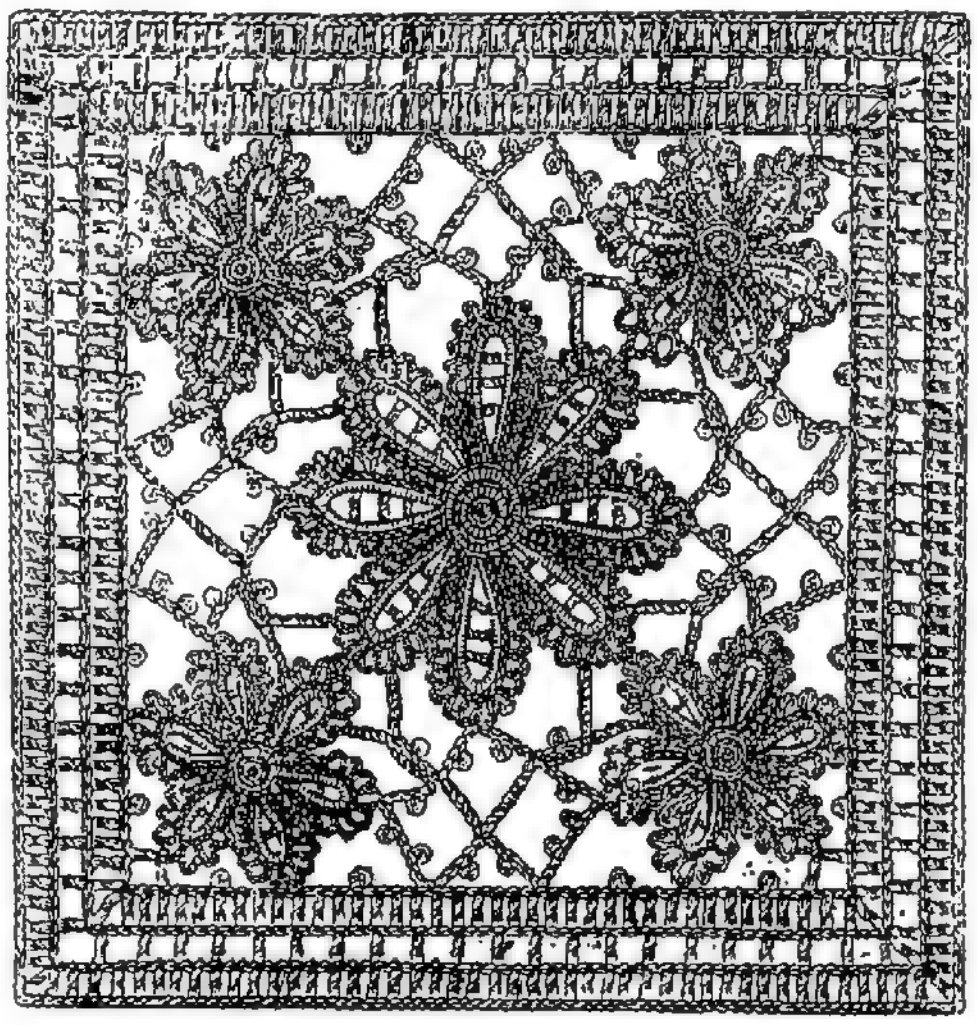
Fourth round—4 d c under 4 ch; 1 d c in tr; 6 d c under end ch; 1 d c in tr; 4 d c under ch; 1 s c in center of 4 d c at the back; repeat from beginning of round five times more.



PINCUSHIONS

Fifth round—3 ch, 1 s c in fourth st; 3 ch, miss 1, 1 d c in next; * 4 ch, miss 1 st, 1 d c in next; repeat from * four times more; 3 ch, miss 1 st, 1 d c in next; 3 ch, and repeat from the beginning of round. Join the corner rosettes, to the center rosette, as seen in illustration.

For the open pattern between the rosettes, begin at the top picot of corner rosette and work 2 tr separated by 7 ch; 9 ch, 1 d c back into sixth ch st (this forms a picot and all the picots are made alike); 6 ch, 1 d c into second picot on next scallop; 2 ch, 1 d c in next picot; 7 ch, a picot; 12 ch, a picot turned the reversed way (that is, after the ch is made slip the hook from the work, place it in eighth st of ch and through the last st of ch and draw a st through both loops); 2 ch, a picot (that will necessitate making 6 ch, allowing 4 ch for the making of picot); 2 ch, 1 d c into fourth picot of next scallop; 3 ch, 1 picot, 7 ch, 1 long tr (thread over twice) into second picot of next scallop; 1 long tr (thread over three times) into next picot but one of the centre rosette to that joining to small rosette; 1 s c in each of first 2 st of 7 ch; 1 picot, 5 ch, 1 picot, 2 ch, 1 d c, 2 ch in the 2 top picots of next scallop of center rosette; 2 ch, 1 picot, 5 ch, 1 picot, 2 ch, 1 long tr (thread over three times) in next scallop of centre rosette; 1 long tr (thread over twice) in next picot but one of the small rosette; turn, work 1 s c in each of 2 ch, and into the picot and next ch; 2 ch, 1 picot, 2 ch, 1 d c in top picot of next scallop of small rosette; 2 ch, 1 picot, 2 ch, 1 picot, 7 ch, 1 picot, 2 ch, 1 long tr (thread over four times) into the st next the line of 4 s c; 1 long tr (over 4 times) into st next opposite s c; 2 ch, 1 picot, 4 ch, 1 s c in ninth of 12 ch; 13 ch, 1 d c in fourth of 7 ch; 5 ch, 1 picot, 7 ch, 1 d c in top picot of next scallop of small rosette; 1 ch, 1 d c in nest picot, 4 ch, 1 picot, 5 ch; repeat from beginning of round three times more.



SQUARE FOR COUNTERPANE.

FOR THE BORDER.

First round—1 tr in a st; 1 ch, miss 1 st, and repeat; at the corners make 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 long tr (over twice), 3 ch, 1 tr all in each corner st.

Second round—1 tr in a st, * 3 ch, miss 3 st, 1 tr in next; repeat from *, working the corners like those in previous round.

Third round—Like first round.

Pincushions.

Cardboard ribbon-bolts or the toy drums are used for this novel pair of pincushions. Cover the sides carefully with cream India silk, banded top and bottom with dark blue satin ribbon. Double rows of tinsel cord are attached from ribbon to ribbon, and near the top each double row is held together with a piece of the cream silk fastened into place by bright colored silk or spangles. Fill the inside with curled hair or wool, cover with velvet or plush of red, and sew neatly into place. Suspend by long loops of blue ribbon, two of which are sewn over the joining of the two drums and concealed by a pretty bow of ribbon. The other two loops are sewn upon opposite sides of the drums, ending with bows similar to the first one, and the four loops are caught together at the top under a bow of three loops and an end of ribbon.

A TEA-COSEY.

A Tea-Cosey.

This is a more useful article than its dainty appearance would suggest, and now that the five o'clock tea-tables are set up in so many homes, it is one of the necessary accompaniments of the table.

To make one as shown by the sketch, cut from olive-tinted chamois skin two triangular pieces, slightly curving the sides. Cut from satin of a deeper shade of olive two corresponding pieces for lining. Put a piece of chamois and its lining together, with a layer of cotton wadding between, and finish the edges with an olive silk cord.

Paint nasturtiums with their leaves on the chamois skin in oil paints, and fasten the two pieces together with loopings of the cord, leaving openings for the handle and the spout. Place a ruching of the olive satin across the top, with loopings of the cord for a handle.

Crocheted Edge.

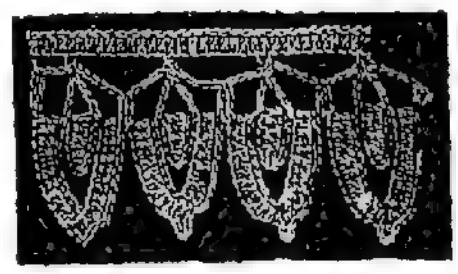
This edge is very pretty made with Victoria crochet silk of any desirable color and used as a border for infants' blankets, flannel skirts, or for table-covers of velvet or silk. Make a ch of 12 st.

First row—Miss 3 st, 1 tr in each of next 9 ch; 7 ch, miss 3, 1 tr on each of next 4 ch; 10 ch, slip the hook out of st, insert it under the loop of 3 st missed at beginning of row, and draw the last st of 10 ch through and make 1 ch, then 5 ch, 1 s c back into 1 ch, 1 tr in each of 9 ch; 12 ch, and repeat from beginning of row until the desired length is made.

Second row—1 d c at the end of tr made on the last 9 ch; 12 ch, * 1 d c between the 9 tr and 4 tr; 3 ch, 1 d c on opposite side and between the same 4 tr and the 9 tr on opposite side; 4 ch, take hook from st, place it in eighth of 12 ch, and draw through with 1 s c; 8 ch, 1 d c between two scallops; 3 ch, slip hook from st and insert in fifth of 8 ch; 9 ch and repeat from * across the length.

Third row—1 d c in center above 4 tr in middle of scallop, *8 ch, 1 d c next center; repeat from *.

Fourth—1 tr in each ch st.



CROCHETED EDGE.

What Can Be Done With Fruit Baskets.

The splint baskets in which peaches, plums and pears are packed for shipment in small quantities furnish an admirable basis for inexpensive home-made waste-baskets.

In almost every room of the home such a basket can be utilized, and in many places, such as the sewing or family sitting-room, the scrap-basket is a necessity to accommodate the various papers, cuttings, etc., which litter a room if not removed immediately.

For summer boarders in hotels or farmhouses, and for cottages, these discarded fruit-baskets, with a yard of cretonne or some gay-colored print material, will make a pretty ornament for their room, which will prove very useful as well.

The favorite shape for these fruit baskets is a round one, though many square ones are used, the shape for them all being as various as the different dealers who ship them.

A novel use was made last summer of a large round crate in which peaches were shipped to supply a summer-house. One of the young ladies asked if she might have it when emptied, and, permission being granted, much curiosity and amusement was shown by the other boarders as to what she would do with it.

"I shall use it for a laundry hamper, and will show it to you when I have it ready," she answered, "then you will all envy me."

And they did; for she made from it a handsome ornament for her room, which served throughout her stay there as a receptacle for soiled clothing, and was copied by those who were fortunate enough to obtain the crates.

Indeed, these splint baskets, large and small, were at a premium during the summer, being spoken for as soon as they arrived, and drives to the fruit dealers in adjacent towns were frequently made.

The crate that was metamorphosed into a soiled clothes hamper was a large one, about the size of a half-barrel and standing nearly as tall as a table. A bottle of ladies' shoe-dressing was used to stain it black. This was quickly done by means of the sponge attached to the cork.

The young lady purchased a yard and a half of bright-yellow satine for decorating it. First she cut from pasteboard a circle to fit the bottom of the basket, covering it with the satine.

Then from a large box she cut another round large enough to cover the top of the basket. This was to be used for a cover to the hamper, and was covered with the satine also. Around the edge was sewed a frill of the satine, pinked at the bottom, which fell over the hamper about ten inches.

By means of this frill the cover could be easily lifted from the basket when necessary and then replaced. The openings between the splints served as ventilation for the soiled clothing within. A strip of the yellow satine was tied around the basket near the bottom, with a large bow for an ornament.

Several of the ladies said they should use the idea for their homes, as laundry hampers were needed in several rooms, and it was quite an expense to furnish so many of the regular willow hampers.

Very pretty waste-baskets can be made by following the suggestions given by the group of five trimmed baskets shown by the sketch. These are all lined, as otherwise the papers and debris would sift through the slats. Use some bright, inexpensive material for this purpose.

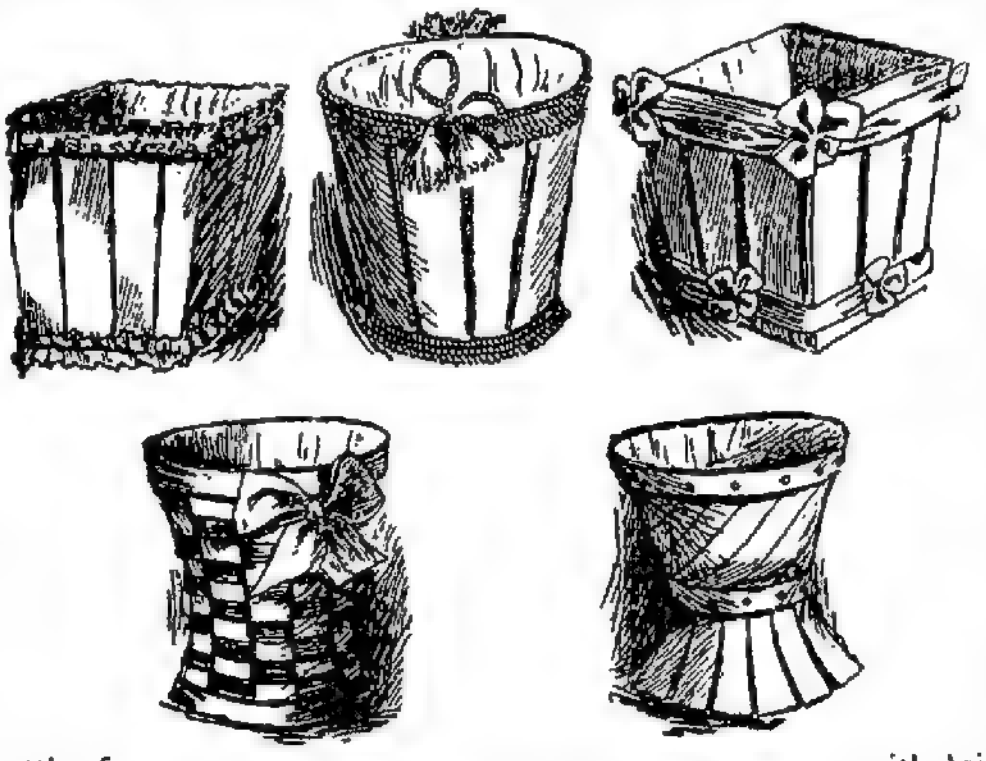
Three of the simplest ones are shown in the upper part of the group. In one there is simply a box-pleating of the material tacked to the top and bottom of the basket.

In another hemp rope is coiled in three or four rows around the bottom and top of the basket, and tacked at intervals with stout linen thread to keep it in shape, small-headed tacks being used to fasten it to the basket, and a bow of the rope with ends fringed out for tassels being used to ornament each side.

The one in the upper part of the group has the cotton material tied about the top and bottom of the basket, and is ornamented with bows of the same placed at the corners of the top band, and between the corners of the lowerone.

The two lower baskets are more elaborately dressed, but are more ornamental when completed. In one the cotton material is cut into strips and woven through the splints in basket weave, two different colors being used for this purpose. The strips are cut five inches wide and then doubled, making a strip of two and one-half inches wide. A large bow of the material trims the basket on each side.

On the upper part of the other basket folds of the material are laid diagonally, completely hiding the splints. The lower part is also covered with a ruffle laid in box-pleats, which stands out at the bottom, giving it the appearance of a different-shaped basket. Folds of the material are then stretched around the top of the ruffle and the top of the diagonal folds, and are fastened to the splints by means of gilt-headed tacks, placed at equal distances apart.



Very pretty work-baskets are also made from strawberry, cherry and grape baskets. These are often fancifully decorated with lace and ribbons, the basket being painted with white enamel paint, and decorated with daisies, forget-me-nots or other small flowers sketched on them.

Woods in House Decoration.

The owner of a palatial home in England within whose walls are gathered the richest and rarest treasures from every clime, has given special attention to the variety of uses to which woods can be put. A marvellous combination has been the happy result. Among woods made very effective mention is made of the Indian holly. This seems the more remarkable, since it has a grain so delicate as to be invisible to the naked eye.

Trees from every land and clime have been pressed into service, even, as is reported, "the very hearts of them" have been fashioned to form rosettes for chimney-pieces, cappings for dados, and finest featherings around the doors. Every shade, too, is represented—white, golden, red, cream-colored, and brown, and all this, "Nature's own proud offering," and without a touch of pigment.

Easy to Make and Handy to Have.

School bags are liked by the school boy or girl better than the clasp and strap as they will hold not only the books but the blanks, tablets, pencils and other etceteras which have come to be indispensable in school life.

Make the bag of denim, plain dark blue or red, a little larger than the largest book to be carried. If it is desired to be 13x9 inches, fold a piece of goods 13x20 inches once in the middle. Turn in the raw edges and stitch up the ends on the right side. Stitch an inch hem about the opening at the top. Cover two pieces of rope with denim for handles and sew securely, one to the middle of each side. Then with Asiatic twisted embroidery silk, in black, work on one side the words "School Bag," with the name or initals of the owner.

A shallow pocket with a buttoned flap may be set inside to hold pencils, eraser, etc. The bag may be carried by its handles with or without the strap.

Slip covers for books and magazines of ecru or gray linen are cut the same as the paper covers in common use, that is, cut a piece of linen the size of the book covers and enough longer to fold back on each side so as to form pockets in which to slip the covers. Sew the folded parts securely in place and upon the upper cover embroider a band of four-leaved clovers or daisy blossoms in black Roman floss. Enclose this band in lines etched with black and gold colored silk of the same kind. The monogram of the owner will be a further suitable decoration.

For the slip cover to a monthly the word "Magazine" may be embroidered in ornamental letters with black or parti-colored Roman floss. The linen is the common kind used for skirt facings.

A pretty and serviceable photograph case is made of chamois and lined with strong silk. The case when made and folded will resemble the cover to a book.

Pink the edges of a piece of chamois 7x20 inches and upon this stitch the lining all round the edge just inside the pinking. Fold back each end to the depth of four inches and sew in place. Embroider upon one side the words: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," with Asiatic filo in some contrasting color, as black upon buff or old gold upon red. The letters may be couched on with Asiatic couching cord if preferred.

The long wrists of discarded kid gloves may be substituted for chamois as a cover to the case and several shades of kid pieced in a diamond pattern might be used; the seams after pressing should be covered with a fine briar stitching done in Asiatic filo, black or yellow.

A sensible head rest is one covered with white or pale tinted duck. It is sensible because it is cool and firm and will bear repeated visits to the laundry and be none the worse. An inter-lining is imperative whether the head rest is filled with down, curled hair or chipped paper, that the cover may be easily removed. Finish with buttons and button holes at one side; a ruffle of torchon lace may be added if it is desired, or a frill of the covering material. Upon one side embroider with black Roman floss, a design of poppies or of hop blossoms in etching stitch, or in "long-and-short."

A damask towel with fringed and knotted ends may be easily converted into a cover for a sofa pillow. Lace up the sides putting the fringed ends together to hang off at one end. The pattern may be outlined with Asiatic etching silk and the cover be more decorative.

If manners are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

Waiting.

On Stella's face there is a frown,
And she's full of complaining;
Whene'er she has a stylish gown
It's always raining, raining.

Styles change so rapidly these days
(As maids know to their sorrow),
No wonder Stella longs and prays
For sunshine on the morrow!

For the Ladies' Journal

A TALE OF LAKE ERIE.

BY F. H. HOLLAND.

(Concluded from August issue.)

It was not a long pull to Hunter's Point, the destination of the little party. Arrived there, Mr. Graham was comfortably settled on the numerous shawls and cushions before mentioned, to take a rest, as his wife advised, under a spreading oak tree. Leaving him to his meditations Mrs. Graham and Edith—basket in hand—were soon lost to sight up the rambling path that led to the wood. Numerous were the ferns gathered, the fungi discovered; an hour passed pleasantly and quickly. Warm and tired they sat down to rest. Edith proposed that her companion should wait there while she went to ask the boatman to carry their spoils to the boat for them. Before Mrs. Graham could answer, Edith was off, and in a few moments was at the beach again. The man pointed to the sky.

"I am glad, Miss, that you have come, we are going to have a bad storm." Edith looked up at the sky, great black clouds were piled in place of the lovely azure blue, so lately there, and a muttering of distant thunder struck on her ear.

The man had gone off to find Mrs. Graham and their woodland spoils. Mr. Graham stepped forward.

"Miss Todensky," he said politely—"we have still time, our man tells me, to return home before the storm; may I help you into the boat? The others will be here directly." Thinking to save time Edith stepped lightly into the boat. Scarcely had she reached the forward seat, when the boat was pushed off with such sudden violence that she fell ungracefully full-length in the boat. Recovering herself she turned angrily to see what had happened. She was alone with Graham quite a way from the shore, he was rowing with long, vigorous, determined strokes, he had turned the boat, and was steering straight out towards the middle of the lake. His head was sunk on his breast, he never spoke, never looked at her.

"Oh, stop! stop! Mr. Graham. What are you doing? Wait for them. You can never get back!" No answer.

"Mr. Graham! I order you to stop. See, they are calling us! Oh! do, do stop." Edith was looking back; there on the bank stood Mrs. Graham and the man, vainly gesticulating, and calling to them to return.

The lake was getting wilder now, the waves rising were capped with white foam, and one more bold than its fellows splashed into the boat, wetting Edith's pretty blue dress sadly.

"Oh, stop! oh, stop!"—Mr. Graham had risen, he was going to turn back—horrors, no! he was putting up the sail, the madman! in this fierce gale. What was coming now?

"We will be swamped, drowned. Oh! please, please! don't put up the sail, Mr. Graham," pleaded Edith. She fell on her knees at his feet. He looked at her now—and smiled—Edith never will forget that fiendish smile. Holding the sail before the wind, Graham sat down in the seat beside Edith with such careless force the frail craft nearly capsized. Edith pleaded with bitter, frightened tears to turn back, he only smiled, that evil smile, and answered not. Despair came on the poor, trembling girl. She looked at the dark, murky water as they flew along, with its white foaming caps, and the thought of ending her misery and fright struck her, but life is sweet at eighteen and the temptation was unheeded.

Each moment poor Edith expected would be her last, alone on the vast expanse of the raging lake! alone with a madman! The thunder rolled, peal upon peal now, with its terrible accompaniment; the rain now reached them, big angry drops, the little craft tossed and bounded on the foamy waves, the sail was down now and Graham, with a maniac laugh, threw it over-board into the frenzied waters. Edith watched him thus disposing of it and also the oars, it was useless to argue with a madman. She tried to pray, but her frightened heart beat so violently, it seemed to stifle her, Graham's voice roused her from the torpor she had fallen into.

"Off to the moon! my pretty one! They call you Edith—yes Edith, but you are Annie—yes Annie, my old love, Annie Lawson! They said you were dead, dead! Aha! they lied. We are off to the moon! Annie my old love!"

He drew nearer to her, creeping along the bottom of the boat, and knelt at her feet. Edith sat with wide-open, terrified eyes, huddled up on the bow-seat, where she had crept when he seated himself beside her, she could not speak. "Give me that ring, my own love, it is mine." Afraid to resist him, Edith withstood the temptation to put the hand with her engagement ring behind her, it lay passive—trembling within his reach. He seized it and pulled at the emerald ring, it was tight and resisted his efforts, he pulled and tugged at it until Edith shrieked with pain. He swore and blasphemed horribly, he flung her hand from him.

"Take it off yourself!" he shouted, but it mattered not, it disturbed his poor victim not—Edith had fainted!

. . . . . .

When Edith came to her senses, recalled to consciousness by an agonizing pain in her finger, the storm was abating. She raised herself with difficulty and met the baneful eyes of her tormentor, his face and hands were smeared with blood—her blood—for the finger which had held the pretty emerald ring was torn and lacerated. Failing to get it off, Graham had deliberately hacked it off with his penknife. Would he take her life next? Tremblingly Edith regarded this fiend in the form of man gazing at her.

"Off to the moon!" he repeated over and over to himself. "The accursed ring is deep, deep in hell, you are risen from the dead. Off to the moon!" He reached towards her his blood-stained hands! A moment more she would be locked in his mad embrace. Anything, anything but death in a lunatic's embrace, for Edith felt it would end in death. She gasped one prayer for help and mercy and sprung to one side, the boat lurched, over-turned, and our heroine was battling alone in the murky waters of the lake. Alone, for nowhere was the madman, her persecutor, to be seen. The boat, bottom upwards, was beside her, she was a good swimmer, and managed to throw herself over its welcome support. Although in the month of July the water of the lake was icy-cold and Edith knew, trammeled as she was with her clothes, she could not swim far; her fright, too, told on her strength and it was by a desperate effort she reached the friendly support of the up-turned boat. But Graham! Where was he? Would he, too, gain the saving support? Heaven forbid! The kind Providence which had guarded the unprotected girl through the fierce storm, had her in keeping still. Graham rose not from the ice-cold depths of the lake. "Where was he," did we ask? Erie shall answer that when she gives up her dead at the last day. On earth Graham was seen no more.

. . . . . .

Alone on the vastness, the waste of dark waters, Edith Todensky, clinging for dear life to the over-turned boat—drifted. Hope never left her, she felt her young life rise in revolt at the idea of perishing. The sun came out, and shone, came out and shone on the waters, lately so troubled, with mocking splendor. Deliverance was fast approaching, a sound in the distance, a tug coming that way. Would they see her? She could not hold on much longer. She felt like a frozen thing, her lips trembled, her teeth chattered with cold. She tried to shout—who could hear the faint trembling sound she made? Holding on to the boat with her poor, maimed hand, she managed to draw her handkerchief from her bosom, (her pretty hat with its fluttering laces was long ago gone) and waved it desperately. Providence still watched over her, she was seen.

The tug hove to, and in a short time—it seemed to the poor drenched girl years—Edith was on board being attended to by the captain and a couple of rough but kindly men, who composed his crew, with genuine kindness.

After Edith's sudden departure with her lunatic husband, Mrs. Graham was almost frantic with fright and despair. She sent the boatman off to the hotel at full speed, and followed him, as fast as her strength—fast-failing from fright and apprehension—would allow. By the time she reached the hotel the storm was abating and the boatman had put off in search of the truants. Yet not the boatman alone, but nearly everyone who could master a boat was anxious to help find the pretty young lady they all admired, and whom no one knew but to like. But wise sailors shook their sagacious heads, no boat could live in such a storm. Yet all aided in the search for the missing pair. "What was the object of going off in the storm?" Then the whisper spread around among the groups of ladies and old gentlemen not able to aid in the searching parties, that Graham was going mad, had been brought to this bright summer resort, the hopeless victim to a fatal disease the ending of which was a madhouse. "He should never have been allowed such liberty," was a comment frequently heard, even by the wretched wife who, wet and draggled with the pitiless rain, stood wringing her hands beside poor Mrs. Todensky, who, pale, rigid and tearless, stood on the wharf awaiting—ah! what tidings of her only child.

There they stood, the mother and the wife—alone—in their overpowering grief. But hark! The tug comes puffing in—one heart happy! one heart desolate! No need for the desolate heart to ask questions, two had gone out in that fearful storm, only one had returned.

Perhaps in that poor wife's stricken heart there may have been thanksgiving. Thanks to Providence that one whom she loved, poor soul, was spared all the lingering horror of a death where the brain once so active, once so powerful, loses its brilliancy, its power, its reasoning, nay even its sense of existence, and becomes a horrible bird, a dreary nothingness.

Edith is now a happy wife and mother, but never from her mind will be eradicated the memory of that awful sail on Lake Erie with her maniac companion and if even in her great happiness memory were inclined to weave a web of forgetfulness over the past, one glance at her soft, right hand, with its missing finger, would clear the webs away and make her serious in the midst of the gaiety and enjoyment of her sunshiny life.

All Right.

From the mountain you may tumble
An' go rollin' out o' sight;
But there ain't no use to grumble,
For the
World's
All
Right!

The thunder it may rumble,
And the wind blow out the light;
But there ain't no use to grumble
For the
World's
All
Right!

In the darkest days you'll stumble
Over roses red an' white;
So, there ain't no use to grumble
For the
World's
All
Right!

Games for Young People.

Put into a bag several pieces of paper, on each of which is written one word, such as "song," "story," "poem," "joke," and then pass it around to the company. Each draws one slip and must do what is written on it or pay a forfeit. All these things may be either original or repeated, except, of course, the songs. Here are some good things to give out for redeeming forfeits in this or any other game.

1. Repeat a line, and ask owner of forfeit to make one to rhyme with it.
2. Laugh, cry, sing or whistle.
3. Put one hand where the other cannot touch it.
4. Stand with heels and back touching wall, then stoop without moving feet and pick up forfeit.
5. Place hands behind you and guess who touches them.
6. Tell your favorite musical instrument, and then imitate the sound of it.
7. Give a name in geography and spell it backward.
8. Multiply your age by twenty-nine, not using pencil or paper.

FOR THE GAME OF SHADOW GUESS.

A sheet or white table-cloth is hung upon a screen, and one of the company is seated on a low stool, so that the shadow will not be thrown on the screen. A lighted candle or lamp is put behind this player on a table, and all the other lights are put out. The other players then pass in line between this player, who is facing the screen, and the table. Each is disguised in some way. As their shadows are thrown on the screen the player on the stool must guess who they are.

THE GAME OF GRASSHOPPER AND ANTS.

One of the players is chosen grasshopper by drawing lots; the others are ants. The grasshopper writes the name of some edible grain on a bit of paper, holds it in the hand and says to one ant: "My good friend, I am hungry. What will you give me to eat?" The ant names a grain. If it is not the same as that on the paper the grasshopper asks the next ant, then the next. If any ant gives the name on the paper the grasshopper shows the paper, hands it to the one thus caught, and joins the ants, while the ant becomes grasshopper.

When all have been asked this question, the one that should then be grasshopper writes down a dance, and says: "I have had something to eat, and now wish to dance. What shall I dance?" The ants guess various dances, the one guessing that on the paper becoming grasshopper.

The next question is: "To what musical instrument shall I dance?" Then, "I am tired and want to sleep. What leaf shall I sleep under?"

These questions can be continued as long as the fun keeps up.

Manners for Boys.

The boy in the family seems to call for everyone's special attention. He is always doing something he should not do, and his rollicking, thoughtless manners are always getting him into trouble. From father to youngest sister he is scolded and admonished as to his behavior. All think it their duty to add something to the polish which most boys so sadly need.

We are sure a boy would rather be polite than otherwise. He would much rather know that people said, "What a perfect little gentleman," than to have them say the reverse. And he would only have to be particular about a few things to accomplish this object. The following are a few rules which well-bred boys always observe:

Take your hat off on saying "How do you do?" or "Good-bye."

Take your hat off on entering any room, whether it be office, church, or private dwelling, and also in elevators.

When walking with a lady, always keep her at your right hand, whether she be on the outside of the walk or not. In meeting people you turn to the right, and you would thus save her from being brushed against by the passing crowd.

When opening a door for a lady, hold it open with the hand and permit her to pass in first.

Precede a lady when you must go single file.

When walking with a lady, always carry her bundles. She may say "no," but she will think more of you if you insist.

Should you meet a gentleman you know with a lady you don't know, raise the hat in passing.

When passing a lady on the street, coming from behind her, raise the hat in passing. She, of course, will see who it is when you get ahead of her.

When necessary to pass in front of any one always beg pardon for doing so.

Precede a lady in going upstairs.

At the table:

If napkin rings are provided fold your napkin and put in ring. Otherwise do not fold it, but leave it lying loosely on the table.

Never eat with the knife.

Never turn liquids into saucer to drink them.

Eat desserts with a fork when possible.

Do not toy with the knife, fork, or tumbler.

Do not rest the elbows on the table. Sit erectly and lift the food to the mouth.

When dining with a lady at a restaurant, seat her opposite to you. If not possible to do that let her sit around the corner of table. If she must sit beside you, place her at your right hand.

Two Kinds of Boys.

It must be admitted that boys do not always have the best of it in this world, although time evens up things, generally, when they are grown to manhood. There are a few families—not many—in which the sister is made to wait upon the brother, from the time he is born.

She must pick up his toys, look for his books, hang up his hat, put away his clothes which he scatters about without a thought of the trouble he is giving to others. This seems to be apparent indulgence, but it is, in reality, a very mischievous sort of unkindness, which will do him endless harm by and by. For, if he should enter the navy or the army, he will have to undergo very severe training to break him of his carelessness. He will be punished for failing to brush his jacket, to polish his shoes and keep his sleeves tidy. And there could be no resenting the orders of his superior officers, or giving an impatient answer when taken to task for his disregard of rule. Then, if he goes into business, instead, his lack of training will again be a bar in the way of promotion and success, for there is no calling or profession in life where the rule, "A place for everything and everything in its place," is not an imperative necessity. Those who learn it early in life are already disciplined for the serious business that will come later.

But all boys do not have this sort of pampering; there is a great army of them whose experience is exactly the reverse. They are made to wait when there are guests and not places enough for all at the table. There must be rigid economizing in expenditures for them, that the sisters may dress a little better and have the accomplishments necessary, nowadays, for every girl's education. They must give up the comfortable seat in the street car and stand, that the girl may sit, and they bear endless hardships in the way of running errands, cutting kindling, splitting wood, emptying ashes, and bringing in coal. Perhaps this statement should be modified and made to read that they think it is a hardship, when in reality, it is a blessing in disguise. For it is just this sort of homely service, faithfully and cheerfully performed, that rids a boy of selfishness, makes him useful and thoughtful for others, and, above all, as ready for the humblest duties as for the greatest. More than this, it has been just this sort of faithfulness and obedience by which the great men of the country have been made great; and not by being spared the disagreeable and unenjoyable tasks they were called upon to perform.

What One Man Did.

Dr. William Moon, the famous blind philanthropist, who has just died at Brighton, Eng., lost his sight when he was twenty-one. He at once set about learning the systems of reading for the blind then in vogue; but finding them all imperfect, he invented a new system, which is now widely used in institutions for the blind.

The alphabet in his system consists of only nine characters, placed in various positions. They are composed of the simplest geometrical figures.

Dr. Moon's success in this direction determined him to devote his life to the welfare of the blind. Languages were his special study, so that he might give all nations the advantage of his alphabet. During his fifty-five years of blindness he adapted his embossed alphabet to 476 languages and dialects, and his books have circulated all over the world.

The number of volumes issued in his type up to the close of 1892, was 194,993. He also wrote music for the blind, and drew embossed geographical and astronomical maps, as well as pictures. He established numerous free lending libraries and home teaching societies for the blind.

Good Rules.

Shut every door after you without slamming it.
Never shout in the house.
Always be kind and polite to the servants.
Be prompt at every meal hour.
Never interrupt a conversation.
Be equally polite at home and abroad.

HYGIENE.

Milk for Infants.

Much as cow's and women's milks may vary in composition among themselves, as may also that of the same individual at different times, the essential distinction between the two milks lies in the larger percentage of casein in that of the cow and the tougher consistence of the coagulum produced by the gastric secretion. The latter defect is to some extent overcome by malting, and the former may be adjusted to the infant's digestive powers by diluting the milk with water or by dividing the milk into two portions, coagulating the casein in one with rennet, removing the curd, and mixing them again. The former is open to the grave objection that dilution reduces the fat and the sugar, neither of which was in excessive amount especially with the casein, and, though milk, sugar and cream may be added, cream itself contains very uncertain proportions of fat and cannot again be perfectly incorporated with the milk, the fat globules having to some extent coalesced. In the latter process the proportions of fat and sugar are undisturbed; but it is tedious, and the tendency of the milk to "turn" is increased. Gaertner has recently taken advantage of the action of the centrifugal separator to retain in a diluted milk the full percentage of the fat. Fifty litres of fresh milk and the same of water are poured into the separator, which is made to revolve at such a rate that the two outgoing streams shall be equal. The separation of the fat is thus incomplete, and a large proportion of the watery solution passes out with it, the percentage of casein and of fat being in the original milk, say, 3.6 and 3.5, in the diluted 1.8 and 1.75, and in the cream and separated, or rather in the rich and poor milks respectively, 1.8 and 3.3 and 1.8 and 0.2, those in good nursing mother's milk being, according to Pfeiffer of Wiesbaden, 1.7 and 3.1. If, then, milk-sugar be added in the proportion of 35 grams to the litre, the composition becomes identical with the very richest human milk. An incidental advantage accruing from the centrifugal rotation is that the rich milk is completely freed from the suspended particles of dung, dust, etc., which in virtue of their greater specific gravity gather round the sides of the drum, forming a scum, which is fatal to young pigs. These particles are the chief vehicles of the microbes which set up putrefactive changes in a fluid which, though unstable, is absolutely germ free and aseptic as it issues from the breast or udder, and to this difference many of the evils of artificial feeding are doubtless due. Gaertner's, if not actually sterile, is more easily sterilized than other milk.

Healthy Habitations.

Infected beds are a menace to the health, but an exchange says the most unsanitary of all household articles is the feather-bed. Quite too frequently it is an heirloom which has come down through many generations past, and at times it proves to be a genuine Pandora's box of germs, and malodors and other unsanitary things which have accumulated during the several generations in which it has done service for all sorts of people under all sorts of conditions. In the larger cities, convenient renovating establishments afford facilities for the purification of feather-beds, pillows, etc., which to some degree remedies the evil of which we complain, but by no means altogether; for the feather-bed, at best, contains a considerable amount of organic matter clinging to the quills and feathers which, absorbing the waste of the body, is always undergoing decomposition, throwing off poisonous gases into the air and affording food for myriads of pestilential microbes which are ever in readiness to seize a favorable opportunity of infecting a weakened body, setting up suppurating processes and intensifying the effects of specific germs of various sorts which may become active in the body through the contagion.

Sometimes, also, a feather-bed becomes infected by the contagious elements of scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, small-pox, or other maladies, and constitutes thereby a most efficient vehicle for these dangerous disorders.

A case of this sort recently occurred in an Eastern town. The death of two children in Woburn, Mass., led to an investigation of the infection, which disclosed the fact that two weeks before the illness of the children a barrel containing a feather-bed, had been dumped upon a vacant lot. A number of children playing in the lot the next day discovered the feather-bed, opened it, and scattered the feathers over one another, thus effecting the most thorough exposure possible to whatever contagious element the feathers might contain. Within a few days five of these children were taken with scarlet fever; two died shortly afterwards, and at the time the case was reported, the third child was not expected to live. After the children were taken ill, some one, perhaps the originally guilty party, burned the feather-bed.

In such a case the neglect to destroy so efficient an agent of dissemination of disease before giving opportunity for such a fatality as above reported, cannot be looked upon as anything less than criminal neglect and carelessness.

That this fact was appreciated seems to be evidenced by the subsequent burning of the bed after the children were taken sick. It is to be hoped that the guilty party was discovered and proper legal punishment administered. It is no less a crime to destroy human life in such a manner than by neglect of proper care for steam boiler, or by carelessly running a steamboat upon a rock, or, through neglect, allowing it to fire and burn up in midocean.

Tea as a Beverage.

That tea, either hot or cold, is an excellent beverage goes without saying. The weary housekeeper, the business woman, the scholar and overworked school-teacher alike find nothing more refreshing than a cupful of good tea, and when used in season, its effects are beneficial. But in order to have them so, tea must be of good quality and well made.

Many women who have not acquired a taste for delicate flavor which a good cupful of tea should possess, drink daily a flavorless decoction wholly unfit for use, and are ignorant of the fact that the manner in which tea is prepared makes not only a difference in its flavor, but as well in its effect upon the system. Tea should never be boiled, but made from fresh boiling water, and allowed to stand on the back of the stove for four or five minutes.

An English authority upon the subject of tea-drinking says: "The result of a recent series of experiments has tended to change the current views on the subject of tannin in tea. It has been generally supposed that letting the hot water remain upon the leaves more than fifteen minutes extracts considerable additional tannin, and is therefore seriously deleterious, but it has now been found that very little more can be extracted by the ordinary methods of infusion, even after fifteen minutes' standing. Investigation shows that the ill effects of drinking too much and too strong tea are due mainly to the theine and volatile extractives of the tea, because what comes after a fifteen minutes' infusion—though it is a bitter and disagreeable extractive which has lost all delicacy of flavor—does not contain that excess of tannin popularly attributed to it."

It is therefore plain to housekeepers that well-made tea, taken in moderation, is not the injurious beverage it is usually supposed to be.

Twin Beds.

Twin bedsteads are a hygienic institution of the day. Especially in the nursery should this sleeping method hold good. Tuck two children beneath the same sheets, one healthy and strong, the other weak and delicate, and what is the result? The puny child feeds upon the vitality of its companion, sapping the energy of his body, until he becomes irritable, ill and enervated. Some one has said, "The sooner single sleeping becomes an irrefragible law, the less humanity will have to regret." Certainly manufacturers are doing their best to further this health notion by offering us the daintiest and most hygienic of beds. Heavy mahogany affairs have been replaced by light, airy-looking beds in iron and brass. These enameled to harmonize with the drapery tints of the apartment carry out a peculiar color scheme to perfection. In all well-regulated households, even to the servants' room, twin bedsteads, where there are two occupants to a room, shows the accepted sleeping order. It is the family where double sleeping has not given way to later hygienic plans whose members are marked by sallow skin, fishy eyes, devitalized limbs and brain torpor.

Nervous Women.

A great deal of vague, unscientific information exists regarding the nervous woman. From girlhood to old age she is the subject of much controversy, lay and professional. The sewing society has discussed her weakness and the learned bodies of medical men have, too frequently, aired her afflictions with much unconservative and unsympathetic enthusiasm. Save from the surgical aspect, her woes and afflictions have not received the professional study and support they deserve. In the daily round of his practice, the family physician ignores her claims (through the supposed kindness of his heart), and too readily assures her that her troubles are insignificant and that she will get well. Time may be the healer of a broken heart and the ameliorator of most ills and woes, but it plays a far different role in the sad drama so often enacted where nervous derangement exists. Dogmatic assertions cannot here eliminate the nerve strain nor overcome the leak of nervous energy, which, as time goes on, becomes a well-founded neurosis.

Late Suppers.

The old tradition that to eat anything just before going to bed was sure to produce indigestion and render sleep impossible, is now happily exploded. It is not good, as a matter of fact, to go to bed with the stomach so loaded that the undigested food will render one restless, but something of a light, palatable nature in the stomach is one of the best aids to quietude and rest in bed. The process of digestion goes on in sleep with as much regularity as when one is taking violent exercise to aid it, and so something in the stomach is a very desirable condition for the night's rest.

Hot Water Woman's Best Friend.

A prominent physician of New York recently declared that hot water is woman's best friend. It will cure dyspepsia if taken before breakfast, and will ward off chills when she comes in from the cold. It will stop a cold if taken early in the stage. It will relieve a nervous headache and give instant relief to tired and inflamed eyes. It is most efficacious for sprains and bruises, and will frequently stop the flow of blood from a wound. It is a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness, and, in conclusion, the doctor asserts, "wrinkles flee from it and blackheads vanish before its constant use."

THIS MONTH'S DESIGNS.

The styles for the Fall promise to out-rival even Spring and Summer. Dashes of color are the striking feature in the trimming. Quiet looking goods are thus rendered attractive, and otherwise sombre effects lightened and brightened. The sleeves remain about the same with a tendency to droop a little more at the elbow. The skirts are still cut with godet backs, but the godets are only lined about one third of the way up. The waists are round with few exceptions and garnitured with loads of trimming.

Empire Tea Gown.

The Empire tea gown is of light blue goffered crepon. The front is arranged in flowing folds from the bust, while the back is shirred in at the waist. The wide cream lace with which it is trimmed falls in a double collarette from a stock-collar with side bows of blue satin ribbon. A third row of lace falls as an epaulette over the sleeves, and at the front is reversed and carried down to end at the under arm seam. A ribbon girdle forms a point on the bust, and passes back to end in rosettes at the shirring. The puffed half-sleeves have double frills of lace.

Striped Silk Waist.

The waist illustrated is of green-and-white striped taffeta. It has a broad box-pleat on each side of the front, with the outer edge piped with white satin ribbon, and studded on the upper part with small pearl buttons; at the middle between the pleats is a chemisette of white lawn, with rows of narrow yellow Valenciennes; squares of the lawn turn over the collar. The cuffs of the bishop sleeves, the belt, and the collar are piped at the ends with loops of white ribbon studded with the tiny buttons.

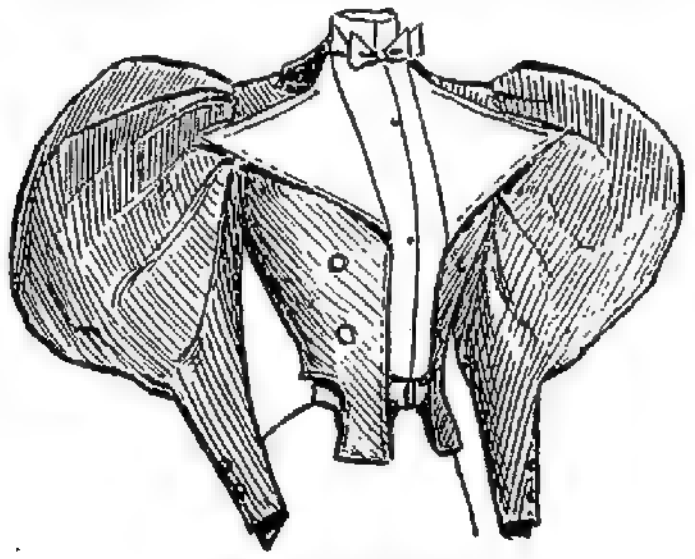
Novelty Suit.

Costume of green and heliotrope novelty suiting; vest of white satin; sash and trimmings of violet satin.

Red Crepon Dress.

Bright red crepon bouillonne is the material of this dress. The skirt is made with pleated front and godet back. The full round waist has a notched yoke and standing collar of perforated black velvet mounted over red silk, and is completed by a bias black velvet belt.

The accompanying hat is a wide-brimmed capeline of black fancy straw edged with pleatings of black mousseline de soie, and trimmed with black satin ribbon bows and fan-pleatings of mousseline de soie, with a mass of red poppies lifting the brim at the back.



STYLISH ETON COAT.

A Group of Dainty Collars.

The centre collar is of white batiste; it is bordered with a row of lace insertion three-quarters of an inch wide, and edged with the same at the inner edge; at the outer edge is a ruffle of lace four inches deep, shaped to a point at front and back.

EMPIRE TEA GOWN.

The other collars are of white lawn trimmed around the edges with ruffles containing two yards and a quarter of embroidery five inches deep, headed by two bands of inch-wide insertion holding a tucked band between them. The neck is finished with a band of insertion and a lace frill.

Child's Dress.

This is of plain and figured pink organdie, accordion plaited; the blouse is of the figured goods; hat of pink mull.

Housemaids' Aprons.

Some exceedingly dainty house aprons are those pictured on page 23. These have deep hems with wide sash strings and fitted yoke bands, the centre one being very elaborate, with its shoulder ruffles of cambric and embroidery and its two deep tucks in the skirt. The one on the left is of simpler design, but is very tasteful withal, while the one on the right is plain and very neat with its full gathered front and capacious pocket.

How to Dress the Neck Becomingly.

Never before was there a time when there were so many different devices for dressing the neck, and if any woman fails to look well it is quite her own fault. And it means that she is too lazy to take the trouble needed to buy what is becoming. Ribbon collars have been in fashion for some time, and they seem likely to remain so. Of course the styles change all the time, and in this way there is a difference made, but the fundamental principle is the same. Chiffon and lace play an important part in neck-wear, while for day wear with tailor gowns there are linen collars of fashions innumerable. Satin and Dresden ribbon are more used during the summer for collars than are velvet ribbons; still, with the yoke collars of white lawn trimmed with lace, it is quite a novelty to have a band around the neck of velvet and a full rosette on either side of very narrow velvet ribbon.

The lace collars and collarettes have assumed most alarming proportions, and the number of yards of material, to say nothing of the lace insertion and edging required, is a trifle overwhelming. However, the result is so eminently satisfactory that it is as well to put considerable money into such attire and save on something else. Of all the smart gowns worn at a recent summer wedding, the smartest was a blue flowered muslin made very simply with the exception of the collar, which was of dark blue mousseline de soie trimmed with bands of very narrow Valenciennes lace, and edged with yards and yards of the same. The collar was cut so large and full that while it was in one sense fitted to the neck, it covered the full sleeves almost as far as the elbow. It was exceedingly dainty and light, and indeed made the gown.

Mousseline de soie and chiffon seem very perishable materials to be used for such purposes, yet they wear far better than could be supposed, and are so exceedingly fresh and dainty, so light and airy, it is not to be wondered at that those who can afford to buy them are quite willing to invest their money in such capes and collars of that fabric. Some of the newest French importations are extremely odd, and a few years ago would have been thought fairly absurd, but now they add a very handsome finish to any gown. They are shaped like a square with a hole in the centre which allows of the head passing through. It is attached around the neck under an insertion of lace which entirely hides the fastenings, and all around the square are bands of the insertion. This neck arrangement falls in the most graceful and easy folds to below the waist, back and front, and well down on the sleeves. Over a tea gown, or indeed any gown, it is very smart-looking and invariably becoming, and can be worn belted in or left loose as fancy dictates. Such trifles as these cost from twenty-five to fifty dollars, and can only be had at a private dressmaker's as yet. Undoubtedly it will not be long before the leading shops will have them for sale.

BACK VIEW OF TEA GOWN.

STRIPED SILK WAIST.

The collars of open-work embroidery are a great addition to the wash gowns. They range in prices from a dollar to ten dollars, and make the best possible trimming imaginable. As they launder very well they are a good investment, and any woman who is clever with her fingers can make them herself out of the embroidery by the yard with the edging to match. These are worn by people of all ages; little children and even middle-aged women are seen wearing them, and they are becoming to both. The pointed effect back and front suits some figures better than the round effect, and this should be considered in buying or making one. The grass-linen and batiste collars are manifold in style; they are worn on every description of gown, and are made in every conceivable fashion, from the perfectly plain hem-stitched to an inserted and lace-trimmed one. Some exceedingly pretty ones have been for sale lately for ninety-eight cents. They were, of course, mere sailor collars, but had a band of yellow insertion and were extremely well cut; others are made of fine tucked muslin, reminding one a little of the yoke of infants' dresses. These tucked collars and cuffs are, as a rule, trimmed with heavy lace two inches in width, and all are finished around the neck itself with colored ribbons. The dotted Swiss with ruffles of the same are worn by people in mourning, and look very fresh and pretty. A few years ago a widow who dressed in a conventional English style with the sheer turn-over collars and cuffs was unpleasantly conspicuous; now it is quite the fashion, and such collars and cuffs, while they do not detract from the appearance of mourning, lighten it in a way that is very desirable, for deep unrelieved black is unnecessarily trying for any woman to shroud herself in.

Few women realize how much their appearance depends on the way they dress their neck. Women with short necks will bundle themselves up until they look as if they had chronic sore throats, while a girl with a neck like a giraffe wears a little turn-down collar and makes a perfect caricature of herself. Let her who has the long neck wear all the high soft neck adornments she can get together. If in the evening, with an evening gown, she need not be afraid to put a band of ribbon under her necklace, and she will look all the better for it. In the daytime short-necked women should wear only a medium high collar, never one that confines the neck too much. In the evening the least adornment possible, and if she be fortunate enough to have a pretty neck and throat, she is better without any jewels at all. If she must wear some, let her wear a string of pearls or a necklace of solitaire diamonds. The thin-necked, scrawny women are the ones who are at liberty to drape themselves with old-fashioned necklaces (now in fashion) with pendants.

A dress cut open at the throat is always much more dressy, and even for old ladies is pretty. But then their necks must be thoroughly well covered by folds of net or soft tulle. Nothing was ever prettier for old ladies' wear than the kerchiefs which consisted of a square of net folded and put under the gown. To be sure, in those days caps and strings were in fashion, so that there was a framing of white all about the face and neck that was most becoming to the skin. But even now their gowns can be made in the fashion above described. All capes, even those for out-door wear, are made with full ruches and rosettes of chiffon and ribbon, and these are very smart. Some people wear bunches of artificial flowers in the ruches, but although that may be the fashion of the moment, it is not one that will last, and should only be adopted by one who can afford to try every passing fad of the day. Cheap artificial flowers are very dreadful, and it is hardly worth while putting money into expensive ones.

Real lace is used on everything this season, particularly in trimming waists, and the clever fingers of the French women find a thousand and one ways to dispose it about the neck. The dead white is not either fashionable or becoming, so when it has attained a yellow tint through age it is considered most satisfactory. But as with the yellow tint is very apt to come

HELIOTROPE NOVELTY COSTUME.

DAINTY AUTUMN GOWN.

a soiled look, it is advisable to send it to the cleaners, who understand to perfection giving it just the shade required.

To Brighten the Silk Waist.

To brighten up the silk waist, which was bought in the spring and is now perhaps a trifle worse for wear, there is nothing more dainty than the plaited plastron of nainsook or fine muslin. Sets consisting of a soft turned-down collar, cuffs and a plaited or frilled plastron are selling in the shops. Take a glimpse of them and then make those airy nothings at home. If the silk waist is made with a box plait down the front cover it with a plastron which fastens under the collar at the neck and under the belt at the waist line. It is extremely dainty and fresh looking if made of sheer white lawn plaited and edged at each side with a wee frill of fine white French lace. When this is worn the collar and cuffs must be made to match. Over a dark blue silk waist a plastron of grass linen is effective. It may be edged with grass linen embroidery. For evening wear a lace plastron transforms a silk waist which has seen much service into a thing of beauty.

Paris Bicycle Outfit.

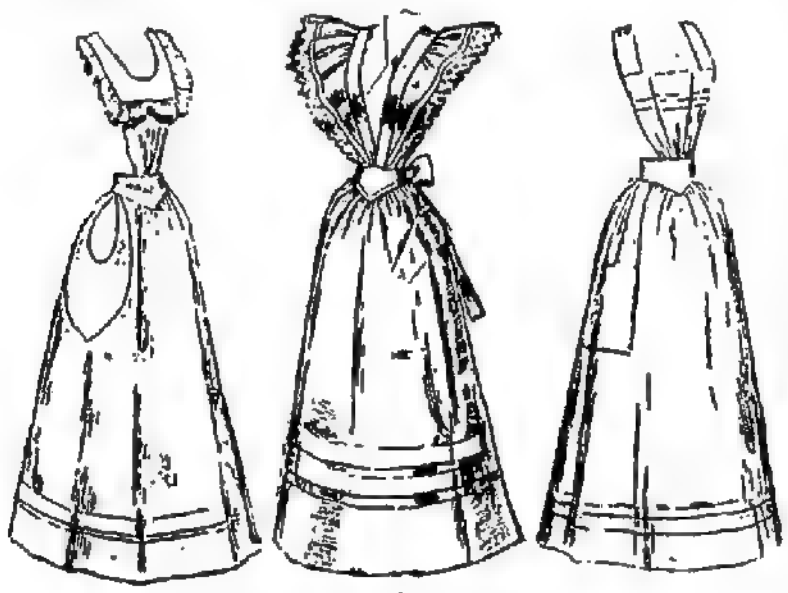
A well-made bicycle outfit in Paris costs the wearer about $10—not including stockings and sandals. The latter are almost universally worn, as they give free play to the foot. Knickerbockers and an Eton jacket may be bought ready made for about $5. These, with a leather ceinture to replace a corset, a wide sash of light flannel to swathe the waist, a knitted "waistcoat" in colored wools that takes the blouse form, and a close collar and necktie form a very smart and inexpensive costume. Woollen ruffs are coming in. The knickerbockers are ample, and most ample towards the calf, round which they fasten with a strap, showing the rest of the leg. The costume should follow the shape of the body as the plumage follows the shape of the bird, and admit of nothing that could catch the wind. This cyclist departure of women is opening a wide field to the knitter.

RED CREPON DRESS.

VARIETIES IN FALL GOODS.

An old-fashioned, glossy, semiopaque fabric called pine-apple silk is another revival for autumn dresses. The open-patterned guipure insertions are appropriate trimmings for this thin silk, and are much used in wide rows with waving edges. The colored linings preferred are of rose, light green, or mauve taffeta, which show effectively through the large-meshed guipure. One admirable plan for making such a gown is a high belted waist hooked in the back, crossed with three waving insertions, the first crossing from the shoulder-tips, the second just below the armholes, the third just above the belt. The pina waist is gathered very full above the fitted silk lining. Such a dress made over mauve taffeta has a stock-collar and draped belt made of very pale yellow velvet fastened with large bows in the back. One of the late French fancies giving chic to the elbow sleeves of a great puff of the white pina filled out with a puff of the mauve silk is a band of shirred tucks of mauve chiffon passing around it midway of the puff. The skirt has one or two of the waving insertions, giving the effect of being cut out in scallops around the foot.

The white silk crepons are preferred when loosely woven of strong silk threads rather than when crinkled in the usual crepon fashion. They can be made over cotton taffeta with almost as nice effect as over silk. Young girls are especially fond of these silken gowns, and wear them cut out, rounded slightly low at the top in what is called the Dutch neck, and finished there with gathered tucks, only three or four in the cluster.



HOUSEMAID'S APRONS.

To complete this girlish waist—which is very full and hooked in the back—white ribbon is drawn squarely across the bust and back, and passes over the shoulders with high knots of loops standing there. A charming ribbon for this purpose, and also for the draped belt, has very narrow insertions of Valenciennes lace let in or else woven there permanently. This insertion is pure white for girlish dresses rather than the yellow Valenciennes now so much used.

White canvas dresses for cool days and yachting are made up after a Paquin model that has proved one of the favorites of the season. It has a wide box-pleat drooping in blouse fashion down the front of the waist and covered with guipure insertion of a yellowish-white tinge. Rhinestone buttons of curious design are down each side of this pleat. The waist is then given breadth by the broad collarette introduced by Paquin made of a row of wide insertion, to which is added yellow and white striped satin ribbon extending far out on the sleeves, and while crossing the front and back squarely is also completed by bretelles of the ribbon. Those to whom the yellow ribbon is not becoming use it for the collarette and for a belt, but add a contrasting color near the face in a stock-collar of violet satin or of velvet. The skirt is very wide, lined with silk, and much godeted, but has only a slightly stiff interlining. A stylish feature of all these white wool skirts is that they escape the ground all around and are of perfectly even length.

Mohair and alpaca gowns of pure and lustrous white are made most often with short open jackets lined with colored taffeta, and worn over a shirt-waist of the same taffeta. If this gives too much color the shirt is of white taffeta, with belt and collar of the lining color in miroir velvet. There are also wash silks of the prevailing colors with corded stripes that make stylish shirts cut with a yoke back, full front with a box-pleat, and finished with white linen collar and cuffs. The mohair coat is merely stitched above the edges. The godeted skirt has the colored silk lining, and is also stitched in several rows.

A GROUP OF DAINTY COLLARS.

Snowy white taffetas, crispy and lustrous, make cool-looking evening dresses, and are not too heavy for mid-summer wear. They are most often figured slightly or striped, and quite a pretty effect is now given by shooting a delicate color across them in the loom. This sometimes gives mother-of-pearl tints, sometimes opal hues, and again there are greenish-whites and yellow-white taffetas. A low corsage of white chiffon, much gathered in puffs or else accordion-pleated, is in most such dresses. It is trimmed in very simple manner with groups of tucks gathered quite full around the neck, and with high aigrette bows of taffeta ribbon on the shoulders. The sleeves are length-wise puffs of taffeta, or else one great balloon puff to the elbow. A short godeted skirt of taffeta may have narrow lace flounces festooned around the foot, or else there are rows of insertion or of narrow ribbon down the seams, each ending in a large bow or rosette at the foot.

For Bicycling Tourists.

In a company of twelve bicyclists taking their wheels across to use in England and France during the summer, the six women of the party had each two suits made specially. Though not exactly uniform, they all had reference to the others worn by the party. Those of wool were of grayish-blue Scotch goods, made with short coats, full in the back and open in front, with three large buttons each side below the bust and short revers above, and a collar like that of a man's morning coat. The sleeves were large at the top and tapering. A wide belt of the Scotch tweed crossed the back outside, and passed underneath on the sides, to fasten under one edge of the front. The skirts, reaching to the ankle, were well lined, but not rstiffened. Full short bloomers of the wool and others of China silk or of pongee were provided with gaiters to match, and a small brown turban of fancy straw trimmed with ribbon and an aigrette; heavy brown stitched gloves. The waists were of cotton Madras and of wash silk.

CHILD'S DRESS.

Summer gloves for bicyclists are of finely woven lisle-thread, with inner side of the palm and fingers covered with heavy kid. They are fastened by four buttons, are worn very large, and cost $1.25 a pair.

Evening Dresses.

Evening dresses are still in demand, and constant novelties are being devised; an exceedingly pretty cerise satin bodice, covered with white lace, worked all over with black and gold paillettes, was part of a recent outfit for a bride. It opened down the center, showing a narrow line of the cerise satin, bordered on either side with a rouleau of black satin and roses at intervals. It was handsomely trimmed with jet, and long sashes depended from the waist. The full sleeves were of black lisse, over red, caught up with diamonds. The very newest cut for an evening sleeve, by the way, is a full, large puff, drawn toward the center on the shoulder tip, allowing the arm to be seen, and makes an excellent excuse for introducing some handsome jewel.

Butterfly Trimming.

The butterfly as a trimming is much in evidence. Some particularly costly Parisian dancing frocks have been trimmed this season with a swarm of real lace butterflies. Black lace butterflies, with their wings touched with gold, are exquisite as a trimming for a yellow-silk gown. These butterflys are effective in trimming a cloth gown, as well as a frock of silk or satin.

For the Ladies' Journal

DE PROFUNDIS.

By Kostka.

THE TRIAL AND VERDICT.

It is not here intended to detail at length or enter into minute particulars as to what took place on the arrest of Norbert for the murder of his young wife. In fact could the tale be satisfactorily told with greater brevity it would gladly have been done, but the sequel will show that it could not well be told more briefly.

. . . . .

The winter and summer months have once more gone by, again it is autumn and although late in October, it is intensely hot in the Crescent City. Even in the open air the heat is almost intolerable; oppressive to the verge of suffocation it is in the densely thronged court-room where Norbert Vallery is being tried for his life.

All through the previous winter and the long summer of exceptional heat he lay in his narrow prison cell mentally and physically prostrated.

Around him the dark waters of affliction had risen, mercilessly submerging and permeating the innermost depths of his stricken soul in their chill waves of unutterable bitterness.

Through all the weary weeks and months of his incarceration he seldom rose from his miserable couch. For hours he would lie silent and passive, his face turned to the rough; grey wall; then again he would gaze steadily all day up at the small glimpse of sky discernible through the high-barred window which admitted light and air to his wretched apartment.

Although he suffered intensely from the terrible heat he never murmured, never complained, never spoke unless directly addressed, and frequently not even then. His friend Ned has hastened to him without a moment's hesitation or delay, placing himself at his disposal in any way he could be of service to him.

But Norbert was strangely indifferent as to what might be the result of the awful accusation which held him prisoner. True, a ray of pleasure lighted for a moment his sunken, burning eyes, when Ned first entered his cell with warm and earnest protestations of belief in his innocence and the emphatic avowal to "stand by him right through to the end." But the sudden gleam quickly faded, giving place to the habitual look of apathy and indifference. In vain Ned begged of him to throw some light on the affair, saying that the whole thing he felt confident was the outcome of that "miserable farce enacted in Mexico," to all of which Norbert only replied by a gesture of weariness and distress. The best counsel that the city could afford was procured by Ned. The shrewd lawyer visited the prisoner and before he was five minutes in his company had him in his own mind acquitted of the awful deed. But he knew that his acquittal in a court of justice—where everything of a condemnatory appearance would be enlarged and diluted upon to the extreme and where the prisoner's own words would tell against him with fatal force--would be quite a different thing to secure. In vain he tried, as did Ned, to persuade the prisoner to furnish some slight clue to the mystery that enshrouded the foul deed. But Norbert was firm, had "nothing" he said to reveal; no clue to give; for whatever fate held in store for him he was prepared. In vain the lawyer besought him to explain what he meant, by saying that he should have "warned" Eva, that he should have taken her "to the remotest part of the earth," that it was "all his fault." "Did I say that?" he asked, shielding his face the while with his hand to conceal from the keen eyes watching him the pain and misery that was beyond his power to control. "I don't at all remember what I then said, please don't ask me to speak on the subject. I have nothing to tell either now or at any future time." The evidently intolerable pain and the lengthy spell of nervous excitement produced by any attempt to question him on the subject made them abandon all hopes of obtaining any information by that means. The trial had been delayed by a long and dangerous illness which prostrated Mrs. Fielding, she being considered an important witness for the prosecution. Again it was delayed by Norbert's counsel procuring a postponement, that he might take a trip to Mexico, hoping to thus gain some knowledge favorable to the prisoner.

But naught availed, and the day of trial dawned. The court was crowded; the nature and circumstances of the crime gave it a widespread notoriety, and as is usual in all such cases the crime lost nothing of its horrors by being told and retold, on the contrary new elements were being daily added to the first revelations, each new phase more atrocious than the last, and each proving more conclusively the guilt of the prisoner. As with one voice he was condemned on all sides and by all classes with bitter invectives and strongly expressed hopes that his punishment would be the extreme that the law could give. As he was being led into court and placed in the dock looks of abhorrence and low murmured words of scathing condemnation were freely bestowed upon him. But the silence of the tomb might have reigned instead for all Norbert noticed or heeded. A strange chill feeling was benumbing his every sense and faculty, a burning pain was holding as in a vice his brow and temples, a terrible dizziness was overpowering him, his lips were dry and parched, his eyes blood-shot and swollen. At times he listened with eager intensity to the evidence which was being raised mountains high against him, then again seemed completely oblivious to all that was passing around him.

The prosecution got hold of a distorted version of his Mexican adventure. One of the servants, it appeared, saw Zivola enter the studio and heard a portion of the conversation, enough to make it plain to all that she was a former attachment, in a word the evidence of his guilt seemed simply incontestable.

Both sides had done their best, had exhausted every resource and now so far as they were concerned the trial was ended.

The Judge prepared to address the twelve men who even before the trial commenced felt confident of the verdict they would render, and did a lingering doubt as to the justice of that mental decision appeal to the heart or reason of any one of them, that address put it to flight.

The jury retired, and during the half hour of their absence Norbert sat with his head resting on his hand, his eyes fixed on the floor. Scores of fans, clasped in jeweled fingers waved quickly back and forth, an unceasing murmer of voices interspersed with an occasional light laugh, was kept up, but Norbert was as one dead to it all. Of what was he thinking or where were his thoughts? Was he living over again in memory the bygone happy days? Was he in his far off Canadian home at Toronto, far away from this stifling, suffocating atmosphere? That beautiful, stately home, with its lofty, spacious rooms, its wide, cool halls and balcony, through which swept the fresh cool breeze from off the restless waters of old Ontario. Or was he out on those same waters beneath the lofty skies, so grandly dark blue, those skies of which Canadians are so justly proud?

Ah! that distant home; would its young master ever see it again?

Such were the thoughts that were passing through Ned's mind, as with aching heart he watched Norbert and tried in vain to catch a glimpse of the half-averted, shaded face; but no such thoughts were passing through Norbert's mind, he was gazing vacantly at the floor, while unknown to all the power to think or to reason intelligently was fast slipping away from him perhaps—forever. Suddenly the hum of voices ceased, the waving fans became motionless, all eyes were fixed on the jury who were again taking their places. In the breathless pause that followed the dread question was asked and answered, and the answer was "GUILTY!"

"Miserere mei, Deus,
Miserere mei."

The only one who appeared to be completely unconscious of the awful significance of that one short word was Norbert. Signs of physical distress became more and more apparent as the trial proceeded, which were quickly construed into further proofs of guilt by all but the astute lawyer and Norbert's steadfast friend, Ned. They alone, of all that watching, listening throng, knew that guilt had nothing to do with the suffering depicted on the face of the prisoner. And had the former the faintest clue for guidance he might have so worked upon it as to have won the day.

The dizziness in Norbert's head changed to a loud ringing noise, his eyes grew more blood-shot and wild looking, his lips more parched and stiff. A deep, low murmur of approval filled the court-room on hearing the verdict, which was quickly suppressed as the Judge rose to address his last words to the prisoner and pronounce sentence.

"Norbert Vallery stand up!" came the stern command. Norbert neither looked up nor moved.

Again the order was repeated with increased sternness and this time Ned stepped to his side and bending his blanched, haggard face, whispered a few words in Norbert's ear. Mechanically he raised his eyes to the face above him, and the unutterable anguish, affection and sympathy that looked down on him out of those tear-dimmed eyes, startled him into full consciousness. With Ned's assistance he stood up immediately, his wandering faculties again asserting themselves; clearly he understood the situation now. For the first time he became aware of the presence of the vast multitude and simultaneously came the thought of what attracted them there. For the first time, too, he realized in full the utter isolation and loneliness of his position. Instinctively he felt the antagonism that surrounded him; felt that he was amongst enemies, and for the time all other sufferings were forgotten in the face of the new and startling one which now seized upon him. With a great and passionate longing his heart cried out and hungered for kindness, love and sympathy. Were it but a look, a word, a compassionate gesture, even one sympathetic movement from but one of all that human throng, with what infinite gratitude would not that yearning heart have welcomed the slight token. Like a flash of lightning up before his mental vision came the past in contrast to the present. The care and watchful tenderness of his loving, unselfish mother, the deep, pure affection of his girlish wife; but they were both sleeping peacefully in their graves and he was—alone. Alone in the midst of a multitude of fellow creatures, who regarded him as a monster of iniquity for whom a felon's death was considered too merciful, too inadequate for the crime of which they judged him guilty. A

Health Built Up

"I had a very bad cold which settled on my lungs. I was under doctor's care and was not able to get out of the house for eight weeks. I did not gain strength very fast and other remedies failing to help me or improve my ease, I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles and my health is improved very much. Since I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla I feel very much stronger than for a long time past. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to others, for it truly has been of great benefit to me." JOSEPH NEILEY, North Kingston, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Joseph Neiley

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

quick questioning, almost appealing, look he cast on the sea of faces by which he was surrounded. In every face there was something so merciless, so unrelentingly merciless, that with a suppressed outcry he turned shrinkingly away from the baleful eyes so pitilessly regarding him. As well might the trembling deer look for mercy from the fierce hyena. For an instant his glance rested on the face of the judge who had just spoken. Though its strong impassive sternness one element stood clearly out, and that was the undisguised look of uncompromising condemnation. Like a swift blow from a sharp and piercingly cold instrument on some sensitive part, so fell on that lone Canadian youth's tortured soul the keen weight of his fellow man's cold, cruel unmercifulness. The surging sound in his throbbing brain seemed to repeat mockingly, no mercy! no mercy!

With a quivering moan he hid his face in his hands as he cried out in beseeching agony: "Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me!"

Ah! well it is that the oppressed human heart can seek refuge from creatures' merciless injustice in the pitying and all just Creator's unlimited, unfathomable mercifulness.

SENTENCED.

"Prisoner at the bar have you anything to say as to why the sentence of the court should not be passed upon you?" Came in deep measured tones the solemn question.

Norbert started, looked perplexed, a vacant bewildered expression came into his eyes, a moment ago so full of keenest intelligence.

For a few seconds he gazed at the judge in silence, and then to the horror of all broke into a loud discordant laugh.

A buzz of indignation filled the room, which was speedily hushed, and again the judge repeated the question.

Norbert seemed to become conscious of the incongruity of his action, and by a supreme effort conquering the feeling of dizziness which was fast overpowering him answered emphatically: "I have nothing to say; nothing whatever."

"It is well," the judge remarked, "for more convincing proofs of guilt have never within my experience been submitted to court and jury. No link is missing in the chain of evidence which has been brought to bear against you. The awful deed has been traced home to you clearly and unerringly.

"All that can be advanced against the most overwhelming evidence of your guilt is that no eye saw you deal the fatal blow, as it is you were well nigh surprised in the fearful act. Had one of those who came so unexpectedly upon you with the deadly weapon in your hand fresh drawn from the pierced heart of your innocent victim; had they, I say, arrived but a few seconds earlier there is not the shadow of a doubt in my mind, but they would have witnessed the preparation of the act, which it is to be presumed, you, after arranging things to suit the emergency, would have imputed to an unknown assassin. But providence forestalled you by gathering into your presence the members of your household before you had time to even lay aside, much less conceal the instrument of murder. Clearly it has been proved that there was one with whom you held clandestine communication, one to whom you were heard acknowledging that your intentions had been to make her your wife, and no doubt you still intended to do so; but the innocent and unsuspecting young creature barred the way, she must be got rid of. She whom it has been ascertained made over to you the full possession of her immense property presumably that she might be relieved of the responsibility and calls on her time that it incurred. But who knows what sophistry you made use of to acquire your ends. But why repeat what is evident to all who have heard the facts as they were detailed here in your presence?

"Fruitless though the effort may be, for the callousness and indifference manifested by you from the beginning and maintained throughout, has made it almost useless to expect or entertain a hope of your repentance. Still, I feel it my solemn duty to try and rouse into life any latent spark of rectitude or remorse of feeling that still may linger in your hardened heart.

"With an endless existence so soon to be entered upon, with but a few fleeting days between you and the long day of eternity, I feel that I would err gravely did I not exert myself to induce you to seek for mercy and pardon. At the very bottom of the loathsome charm whither your crimes have healed you. Within the very jaws of death I beg of you to delay not.

"Lift up your face and voice to that mercy seat where pardon for even such as you is freely granted. Picture to yourself the pure spirit of your young wife in that abode of bliss; who, for aught mortals can tell, may at this moment be looking down upon you in pity and forgiveness. As it is, that blood-stained dagger divides you, it stands between, calling for vengeance, and will continue to call until a sincere and heart-felt repentance lays it and the deed which it was made the accomplice to, out of sight forever. The hideous memories which no doubt have been your constant companions, must have infested you on every side, stinging and torturing you like so many envenomed reptiles, can only be put to flight by turning your whole attention to the acquiring of a contrite and repentant spirit, to the acquiring also of a full realization of the heiniousness of the deed you have committed, and by giving up your mind to the contemplation of the many beautiful promises with which the scriptures are replete of pardon, and even happiness for the truly repentant sinner, etc.

"And now that you may have full time to make your peace with heaven, and be prepared to meet that one so cruelly wronged, so foully dealt by, I will grant you a longer respite than I at first intended."

Then in the solemn stillness and the deepening shadows of the fast coming night the death sentence was pronounced.

In six weeks from that day Norbert Vallery was to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of his wife.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

I must not forget to have some

BABY'S OWN SOAP

ordered to-day.

Fads and Fancies.

Mohair is fast pushing the long-suffering crepon to the wall.

Capes of bright scarlet Melton are still in vogue for cool evenings.

A new Jersey blouse has been seen, fitting the form snugly and having huge gigot sleeves of silk.

The ready-made yokes of insertion and muslin can be worn with any gown—silk, cotton or woolen.

A pretty collar can be made of ruffles of chiffon doubled on the cross and closely box-plaited, introducing a bunch of flowers at the side.

Fibre chamois is certainly a boom to those who have been so far-sighted as to use it. The damp of the night air may make it limp, but as soon as dry it will regain its natural stiffness.

A pretty new shoe is of pale tan-colored linen—a material especially grateful to the feet on a hot day, economical, too, since they can be thoroughly cleansed by wiping with a clean, wet cloth.

A smart new waist is made entirely of alternate rows of vivid scarlet satin ribbon and gray lace in a coarse pattern. It is in blouse form, and confined at the waist by a ribbon belt having large choux and long ends hanging to the foot of the skirt.

Father (to the seven-year-old miss beside him, cutting the whip sharply through the air)—See, Mary, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all. Mary, (in an eager tone of happy discovery)—Papa, why don't you spank us children in that way?

Looking Upward.

The following advice, given to a young married woman who was visited by another older and more experienced one, may be helpful to some of our readers:

When the visitor rose to go, the hostess came with her to the door, and out upon the pleasant piazza, which, however, looked a little dusty in the corners.

"Oh, dear!" said the young wife, "how provoking servants are! I told Mary to sweep this piazza thoroughly, and now look how dusty it is."

"Grace," said the older woman, looking into the disturbed young face with kindly, humorous eyes, "I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice: Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so they will rarely see them.

"Now, if I had been in your place and noticed the dirt, I should have said: 'How blue the sky is!' or 'How beautiful the clouds are!' or 'How bracing the air is!' Then I should have looked up at that as I spoke, and should have gotten you safely down the steps and out of sight without your seeing the dust."

Buy Fur Now.

There is no time like the present to buy fur, and it is just as well to realize what the fashions are likely to be when the winter comes. The coats now worn are close-fitting, and often extend to the hem of the dress for driving, but the jackets are shorter and the sleeves much more reasonable. Both dresses and driving coats are made in the lightest tone of box cloth, with strapped seams and velvet collars, the chief novelty being that the basques for the dresses are exceedingly short and full. No expense or pains are spared in trimming the vests of these open jackets; tucks of muslin, edged with lace, and the finest stitching are often employed for the full fronts over silk, while some of the crepons have similar adornments, and frillings made of Valenciennes lace and the same sort of beading as used to be employed for handkerchiefs.

Pretty Things for the Home.

For those who are intending to furnish or refurnish their homes in the autumn,and who need not count the cost of every article, there may be found many beautiful articles of furniture, as well as novelties, in the way of decoration.

A cabinet for a white-and-yellow room is of gilded wood, four feet high and three and a half feet wide. In the middle is a closed space, which has a bevelled plate glass, with a frame carved and gilded. At either side is an arch opening, showing shelves covered with pale-pink silk plush, trimmed with a fringe of tiny gold balls. Above the middle receptacle is a transom of Moorish work, latticed, of very delicate handling, and shows an interlining of the pale-pink plush.

The back and sides of the cabinet are lined with plate-glass mirrors, and so the beautiful things it contains are doubled by the reflection.

There are mirrors framed in delicately-tinted onyx ; flagons in brass of the most exquisite designs.

There is an English procelain, closely resembling ivory ware, imitating to a degree the texture and carvings of the real ivory in India carvings.

Leather work is very handsome and popular at present, and is as yet quite a novelty. There are panels in cut and tooled leather that are graceful in design and exquisite in workmanship. Besides these large pieces, leather is coming into vogue more and more as an accessory for the use in decorative articles.

A cushion, made from some soft, brown leather, has a design embroidered upon it with Asiatic rope silks in yellow. The decoration is in panel style, with conventional corners,couched with Asiatic couching-cord in gold-colored silk. Silk tassels of gold color finish each corner. A handsome and unique footrest has a cover of yellow kid. This has a centre design of floral nature, embroidered in red Asiatic twisted embroidery silk,with leaves done in brown, and veined with a darker shade. This has a heavy border of darned work in brown silk.

There are many handsome pieces to be made from leather. A charming pen-wiper for a lady's writing-cabinet is made from blue leather, fan shaped. The fan sticks are marked out with gilding, and a gold-colored ribbon finishes the dainty article. Leaves for wiping the pen are made from chamois skin.

The fan shape seems to grow more and more popular,and tapestry panels are shown in this design, with the most charming decorations. One design, showing two beautiful women, in light draperies,with rosy cupids playing near, is charmingly portrayed. This is particularly suited to an over decoration for a drawing-room mantel.

Another design shows a graceful figure stretched upon a fur rug. This is especially designed for a bedroom. These tapestry paintings in fan shape are to be framed with a wood that corresponds with the woodwork in the room where they are placed, or are sometimes enamelled in a harmonizing color.

It is a pretty fashion that calls for a curtain to hang back of certain pieces of furniture, the piano or divan, for instance. The curtains are about a yard and one-fourth deep, and something over two yards in width. They must harmonize with the color scheme in the room, and contrast prettily with the wall decorations. For a room with olive-green predominating in the wall hangings, a curtain of yellow pongee is pretty ; for a room with hangings showing a dull pink or soft old-rose, a curtain of pale-blue silk will add a touch of beauty.

A most charming little curtain, back of a rosewood piano, is made from pale-blue silk, and is hung upon a silver rod, from silver rings, and is ornamented across the bottom with a silver fringe. These curtains are made from a variety of materials, silk, plush and pongee ; silkoline also may be used in a room with simple but artistic decorations.

Iron has always recommended itself as a durable article for decorative work, but never since the Renaissance have artists produced so much really note-worthy work as at the present time. The designs in iron must be graceful, and not too heavy, to recommend themselves to the modern decorator.

A charming stand for umbrellas is shown among the artistic iron novelties for hall decoration. This is circular in form, has three twisted standards, with a circular rim at the top, which has a neat and graceful decoration in scroll-work. A tray is at the bottom.

A hatrack in iron, for use in a small hall, is also very pretty, and commends itself to the seeker after a convenient hall tree. This has hooks at the lower part,from which may be suspended brushes, etc. A bevelled plate-glass mirror occupies the central space.

Lardepsia

would be a more appropriate name for that common cause of suffering—dyspepsia—because most cases of dyspepsia can be traced to food cooked with lard. Let **COTTOLENE** take the place of lard in your kitchen and good health will take the place of Dyspepsia. Try it. Every tin. of the genuine **COTTOLENE** bears this trade mark —steer's head in cotton-plant wreath.

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Work for Women.

To stand any chance of success as a bread winner a woman must be well skilled in the work she undertakes. The girl who turns her attention to stenography because some other girl has made a good living by it, and who has acquired only a superficial knowledge of the work, will not stand a chance against those who have made a thorough study of it.

One who has given any thought to the subject can usually decide as to some particular line of work to which she is more readily adapted ; and wisdom is shown when she adheres to her choice and bends her energies to mastering the details of the work.

There are so many occupations open to women to-day there would seem no need to select one to which the tastes and inclinations are averse. There are many bright women who are starting off on new lines and opening up new avenues for the bread winners.

Photography offers great possibilities to women of artistic taste and skill, as there is a growing demand for choice work in the different branches of the art—interiors, exteriors, landscapes, etc.

The standard of public taste has been raised much through the efforts of the amateur photographers among men and women who have the leisure and means to perfect themselves in this art.

In several of the large cities there are women who have made a good success at photography ; whose work ranks among the best. It is an agreeable occupation, yields a good income, and does not require any considerable capital.

There is much to be learned in it, for which a few months' work in a good photographer's studio is almost a necessity. Many of the women photographers make a specialty of children's faces, and this is a wise choice in the beginning, as a natural expression is more easily caught in the child than the adult,while the youthful features, flowing hair and unconscious pose lend themselves more readily to an artistic whole.

Groups are another specialty to which attention is directed. At some of the larger summer houses quite a little sum may be realized by taking different groups at the various points of interest with which the locality may abound.

One energetic woman, whose husband has been financially unfortunate, decided to make a business of the life she was accustomed to lead, as there seemed to be nothing else for which she was specially adapted.

She sent a circular to all her friends and acquaintances,soliciting engagements to assist in preparing for entertainments. This included menus for dinner, lunch and breakfast parties,the furnishing of recipes when needed, arrangement of table, management of receptions for engagements, announcements, wedding cerimonies, etc.

A good income may be earned in this way, as society women have many duties to occupy them, and are often glad to be relieved of the practical details of entertaining.

Another woman who lives in the country, has made a great success of jelly and jam making, having secured all the regular customers that she can well accommodate. Commencing with rhubarb in the early spring, she takes the fruit as they come in season each month, first making the jelly and using what remains for the jam,so that nothing is wasted.

Rhubarb, strawberries, crab-apples, currants and grapes are raised on her own place, and so profitable has the business become that she keeps quite a force at work throughout the season.

Soliciting life insurance among women is another branch of business that women have lately taken up, and in many cases are making it yield a good income. It requires a peculiar talent for the work, however, to make a success of it.

The profession of trained nurse pays perhaps better than almost any other work in which women are engaged, the wages ranging from twenty-one dollars and upwards a week, including board, lodging and wages.

It is not every woman who, with the requisite training, has the patience, ready tact, sympathy and soothing influence essential to this calling ; but for such as have it is a profession where the demand is usually greater than the supply, and one to which some of the noblest and most intellectual women have devoted their lives.

Bath Mittens.

If your friend has never known the joy of Turkish bath mittens,she will surely thank you for initiating her. You can buy them, but they are easily made from Turkish towelling, the edge bound with tape. The "boughten" ones have red sometimes, but it is a mistake to use anything but white, as the red runs in hot water. There are no thumbs to these mittens, and they are very easy to make. You do not know till you try what a convenience they are in a so-called "sponge" bath. You slip your hands into them and wet and soap them, and then use your hands with a freedom you never get with a wash-cloth or sponge, that is always getting away from you.

Charming Women.

There are certain women who ar invariably spoken of as charming. We never hear any other epithet applied to them. They are not said to be pretty or amiable or clever though they may be all three, but simply charming, which we take as a kind of a verbal amalgam, the concentration and concretion of all praise.

The main feature about these charming women is their intense feminality. There is no blurring of the outlines here; no confusion of the qualities, admirable enough in themselves, but slightly out of place considering the sex; nothing of that which leaves one in doubt as to whether we have not before us a male in petticoats rather than a soft, tender woman.

A charming woman is woman all over, one who places her glory in being a woman, and has no desire to be anything else. One of her characteristics is the soft and exquisite grace of her manner which so sweetly represents the tender nature within. She has not an angle anywhere. She is graceful, bending in mind as in body; is neither self-assertive nor aggressive; neither rigid nor narrow. She is a woman who glides gracefully through life and adjusts herself to her acquaintances and circumstances in a manner little less than marvelous, finding her own way without tumult of sharpness, getting around insuperable obstacles and quietly wearing down more exacting opposition with that gentle tact and persistency which does so much more than turmoil and disturbance. Even if enthusiastic, which of course she is, she is enthusiastic in such a tender and graceful way that no one can be offended by a fire which shines but does not burn. There is no touch of scorn about her, and no assumption of superior knowledge. She speaks to you with such flattering consideration that you follow her in all her flights, and when she comes out quite naturally with her pretty little bits of lore or professional technicalities, you cannot be so boorish as to ask for an explanation of these everyday matters which she is so sure you must understand.

Never self-assertive, never contradictory, only sweetly, tenderly, putting you right when you blunder, the charming woman always makes you feel her superiority. True, she lays herself, as it were, at your feet, and gives you a thousand delicate flatteries. Indeed, among her specialties is that of being able to set you on good terms with yourself and her art of subtle flattery. But despite her self-abasement and your exaltation, you cannot but feel that she is your superior, and although she is too charming to acknowledge what would wound your pride, yet she feels it too, and tries to hide it, all of which has the effect of making you admire her still more for the grace and tact she has displayed.

The charming woman is strong and graceful, but she does not command the stronger virtues. She flatters sweetly, but it must be confessed she fibs as sweetly. She sometimes owns to this, but only to fibs that do more good than harm, fibs into which she is forced for the sake of peace and to avoid mischief. It is a feminine privilege, she says, and men agree with her. Her friends at times find her out, and though the women throw it to her as an accusation, the men accept it as a quality without which she would be the less charming woman than she is, and not only forgive it, but like her better for the grace and tact she displays in the process of manufacture. Hers are not the severe virtues, but the gentler and more insinuating ones.

Charming women, with their plastic manners and non-aggressive force, always have their own way in the end. They are the women who influence by unseen methods, and who shrink from any open display of power. They know that their success lies in the ability to soothe men, to put them on good terms with themselves, and to get the benefit of the good humor they induce; and they dread nothing so much as a contest of wills. They coax and flatter for their rights, and consequently they are given privileges in access of their rights, whereas the women who take their rights as things to which they are entitled without favor, lose them and their privilege together. This art of self-abasement for future exaltation is one which is given only to a few to carry to perfection, and no woman is really charming without it. In fact it is part of her power, and she knows it. Every woman can by watchful care cultivate these graces until she masters these womanly characteristics in a sufficient decree to make her influence the crowning pleasure in life.

Though charming women are decidedly the favorites with men, they are careful to keep on good terms with their own sex, and in society you may often see them almost ostentatiously surrounded by women only, whom they take pains to please or exert themselves to amuse, but whom they throw into the shade in the most astonishing way. Whatever these really charming women are, or do, or wear, is exactly the right thing, and every other woman fails in proportion to the distance she is removed from this model. What she was, what she does, she still remains the unapproachable, the inimitable, the charming woman par excellence of her set, whom none can rival.

The perfect woman is as beautiful as she is strong, as tender as she is sensible. She is calm, deliberate, dignified, leisurely. She is gay, graceful, sprightly and sympathetic. She is severe upon occasion, and upon occasion playful. She has fancies, dreams, romances, ideas.—Gail Hamilton.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays, all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE BORDEN PATENTED HAIR STRUCTURES.

Truly wonderful are these marvels of convenience and beauty. They are made on a new principle and are the Lightest, Neatest and Most Natural human hair goods ever conceived by hair artists.

BANGS. SIDE WAVES. SWITCHES. CHIGNONS.

NO LACE to tear. NO WIRES to rust. NO NET to absorb perspiration.
One Pin holds them firmly to the head. The Switches have no Stems or Cords.
No lady will use any other after learning the merits of this, the greatest article ever invented in the Hair Line for Ladies.
The Bangs and Side Waves are light as a feather. Can be brushed in with your own hair.

J. PALMER & SON, 1745 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.
Sole owners of Canadian patent and manufacturers.

Bangs $2.50 up. Waves $5.00 up. Switches $3.00 up, according to size and shade.
Mention this paper in ordering by mail.
CUT SAMPLE OF HAIR FROM BACK OR FRONT.
Goods sent C.O.D. with right of examining if you send with order 50 cents for express charges.
GRAY, DRAB, ASH, RED OR BLONDE SHADES EXTRA.

Patti of To-Day.

It was the same Adelina Patti that I had met nine years ago—I was almost going to say twenty years ago—in London. In fact, I do say it, for years touch the form and features of this wonderful woman only as yesterdays. Her face is that of a healthy, happy, lovely woman of 50, and her figure almost girlish in its grace.

"Yes," she began, "my reception was most gratifying the other night. I thought the people would never stop cheering. I assure you it brought tears to my eyes, and my heart had to be pushed well down my throat before I could find my voice.

"My voice? Yes, I know it. It has always astonished me myself; but, then, God gave it to me, and I pray and believe that it will be many a long year before He takes it from me. Like 'Violetta,' I would sing my highest, sweetest note, even with my last breath.

"Do I feel more fatigued now than I used to? No. But remember I take the very, very best care of myself, and of every detail of my health. My diet, my wines, my hours of sleep, of practice, and I never transgress. And, again, cher monsieur, I think that the school of operatic training to which I belong no longer exists—in fact, I am sure it does not. As I told Christine Nilsson the other day when we met in Paris: 'Only you and I left, my dear,' and she agreed with me. Singers were not turned out in half dozens, like—like—well, to use an Americanism, like oysters on the half shell! I cannot help thinking that the reason that so few voices last among the present day singers is because so much of their tuition was forced. There was too much anxiety for a quickly made voice, and so, like a burst of fireworks, there is glory for a little while, and then—puff—out!

"My diamonds! Oh! let Nicolini tell you."

"She had on diamonds to the value of £200,000," said the handsome husband of the prima donna, "not only £70,000 as one of your daily papers said. In all there are 3,700 stones, and not one weighs less than six carats. Then for the two performances of 'Traviata,' the one you heard on Tuesday and the one for Saturday night, my wife had a cuirass made to cover her corsage in front, and to branch over her shoulders to the back. These stones were picked out of various pieces of her jewelry, from tiaras, bracelets, brooches, rings, and so forth, and put together by a jeweler at the cost of £800. At the end of this opera season all stones will be restored to the pieces to which they belong. Yes we are very careful of course. There is always a very efficient guard over our strong box, I assure you."

Styles in Rings.

The cameo and initial rings have altogether gone out of fashion. The latter always were, to my eye, vulgarities, but for several years the public demanded them, and a very lively competition existed among manufacturers in the getting up of new styles of letters and invention of ingenious varieties, such as the interchangeable. Now they could hardly be given away. Marquise rings have also lost their popularity. People want at present rather plain rings, set with solitaires. Even if the diamond is only a very little one it is preferred to anything else; and, owing to the general reduction of profits in the jewelry business in late years, it is practicable now to purchase a small genuine diamond ring for no more than would formerly have been paid for a clumsy initial or splurgy marquise ring.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be generally built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, labelled—"James Epps & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London Eng.

General Politeness.

Bulwer says, "What a rare gift, by the by, is that of manners. How difficult to define; how much more difficult to impart. Better for a man to possess them than wealth, beauty or talent. They will more than supply all."

The term polite, though much abused, is becoming the standard word for the beating of a refined and kind person toward others, while courteous literally expresses that style of politeness which belongs to courts, and applies to one who exhibits a union of dignified complaisance and kindness, mingled with sincerity. Polite is often construed into "not rude," or observant of the external courtesies of social intercourse, quick to do and say pleasing and complimentary things. True politeness is an attribute not to be assumed for state occasions, like fine clothes, but is an integral part of the nature—always there.

Chesterfield says, "As learning, honor and virtue are absolutely necessary to gain the esteem and admiration of mankind, so politeness and good breeding are equally necessary to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation and common life. Great talents, such as hornor, virtue, learning and arts are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves nor judge of them rightly in others. But all people are judges of the lesser talents, such a civility, affability and an obliging, agreeable address and manner, because they feel the good effects of them as making society easy and pleasing."

Persons possessing the virtues of civility and good breeding are always a welcome element in good society. Good breeding covers a multitude of faults and shortcomings in other directions. Good nature is often blunt and offensive, while good breeding gives tone and finish to one's manner.

One should show proper respect for the opinions of others. To feel that you know it all, and make it apparent in your manner and tone, betrays ignorance, conceit and low breeding. One's manners are ever open to criticism, and always determine the caste of people. In England, the rule of politeness is to act natural, take on no airs and make no bustle.

Firstimpressions are very lasting, and oftentimes one's unfortunate manner will condemn them, when on a closer acquaintance is found beneath the surface a polish and refinement that only needed bringing out.

Politeness has a charming effect upon all domestic life, and nowhere is true politeness more attractive than in the home, where all are brought intimately together. While everyone cannot be possesed of a fascinating manner, it is within the power of all to have a pleasing, courteous manner if a little thought and care be taken and selfishness be dismissed.

A lack of good manners does not always bespeak the early training. In many instances it is merely a going back upon the good training received at home. There is scarcely a mother but makes it one of her first duties toward her little ones to teach them "thank you," "please," and other little polite speeches, while courteous acts are constantly being taught them as they grow older.

To closely follow etiquette is by no means to be polite. One can follow a code of rules governing forms and customs and still be excessively rude. Any one can follow fads and fancies, and imitate in manner and dress those who are always up to date in style, but to be polite is a thing within yourself, and never absents itself from you, no matter what the existing circumstances may be. Different countries have their own distinct rule governing etiquette, but all countries have the same rule of politeness, and sincerity is one of the chief characteristics.

Etiquette frequently requires us to do many things that are in direct opposition to our own convictions, and to say things that, were our hearts laid bare, would show to the world a contradiction of what really existed. But these little departures are for the sake of preserving social harmony, and little white lies of society are not charged against us in that great book where all our thoughts and actions are chronicled, nor on the day of judgment will they be written across the forehead of those who have dissembled just enough to oil the great social machinery and make its wheels turn smoothly.

Etiquette ignores one's individuality, and directs the great mass of humanity alike, being no respecter of persons. Etiquette tells us that in taking soup, the spoon should take up the liquid from the plate from the person, but the man who draws his spoon toward him in the act of taking the soup from the plate is not impolite. One may be polite in following etiquette, but a lack of knowledge regarding etiquette is not impolite. However, when there is a code of rules governing social usages and customs, it is well to acquaint oneself with the correct form, thereby avoiding many awkward positions in which mistakes often place us.

Individual tendencies and common sense guide us in many things, but are not always to be trusted in the instruction of that which is the most accepted form of etiquette. Everything which refines society should be encouraged, and etiquette, strictly followed, is a generator of refinement and delicate sentiments. By constant social intercourse we acquire, almost intuitively, that which by many is called politeness; that is, the appearance of all the virtues, when in reality not one of them may be possessed, being a mere outward show of what one has acquired by close imitation. But true inborn politeness is that quality which prompts us to accommodate ourselves to the feelings of others without losing one's own dignity, or seemingly to have made a departure from our own tastes or customary habits. A polite dignity is not a restraint of manner that makes one appear stiff and unbending, but rather a polite and indisputable firmness regarding the fitness of things.

That politeness has always been considered of very great importance is proven by reading the products of the pen of our very best writers. Tennyson defines the true gentleman; Emerson has repeatedly expressed himself regarding good manners, while Bacon's praises of politeness will live forever.

The want of good manners has ruined many a man, and on the other hand, we find many instances where a display of true politeness has branded the character for life with a mark of admiration and approval. Politeness is a means of success in all walks of life; the manners of the physician in the sick-room are quite as often quoted as his skill in treatment; the lawyer who argues his case with a courteous and civil manner is the one who is popular, and the genial, well-bred clergyman holds his congregation and wins souls to Christ.

Etiquette may be in a way tyrannical, but its cruelty is prompted by a kindly interest, and if only viewed from a proper point, is a protection from disagreeable, underbred people who find it too much trouble and too great a departure from their usual custom to be civil. When good manners are based upon right principles they are innate, and are never assumed.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy, and like charity, good manners should begin at home.

What a Word Will Do.

Byron reminds us that a word is enough to rouse mankind to mutual slaughter. Yes, there is power in a word—Marathon, for instance, Watterloo, Gettysburgh, Appomatox. Great battles these, but what a great battle is going on in many a sick or suffering body. In yours, perhaps. Take courage. You can win. Call to your aid Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts powerfully upon the liver, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities; cures all humors from a common Blotch or Eruption to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially potent in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings" and Enlarged Glands.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, billousness, sick headache and indigestion.

Faith is not reason's labor, but repose.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

To overcome evil with good is good, to resist evil by evil is evil.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

For Cracked or Sore Nipples
—USE—
Covernton's Nipple Oil.

To harden the Nipples before confinement use COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price 25 cts. For sale by all druggists. Should your Druggist not keep it, enclose 31 cts. in stamps to C. & COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemist, Corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Quebec.

The child's mind can grasp with ease the delicate suggestions of flowers.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

The pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive's grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. Mr. A. W. Levy, Mitchell, writes: "I think Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bickle's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle I found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

An Old Custom.

The custom of throwing shoes at a wedding is very old in England and Scotland. The usual saying is that it is thrown for luck, that is the idea in this country; but originally it meant a renunciation of authority over the bride by the parents. It was formerly a custom among the Germans for the bride, when she was conducted to her bedchamber to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests. Who ever caught it in the struggle to obtain it received it as an omen that he or she would soon be happily married. Train, in his history of the Isle of Man, says: "On the bridegroom leaving his house it was customary to throw an old shoe after him, and in like manner after the bride on leaving her home to proceed to church, in order to insure good luck to each respectively, and if by stratagem either of the bride's shoes could be taken off by any inspector on her way from church, it had to be ransomed by the bridegroom." In Kent, Eng., after a couple have started on their tour, the single ladies are drawn up in one row and the bachelors in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as possible and the ladies run for it, the successful one being the first female who it is supposed will be married. She then throws it at the gentlemen, and the one who is hit by it is deemed to be the first male who will enter wedlock. Generally, it is considered the older the shoe the better.

Care of Birds.

Birds are such a dainty addition to the decoration of a home that a few words on the proper care of them will probably be of use to some who possess these dear little creatures.

Birds, when proper care is taken of them, are rarely attacked by disease. If owners of these pets would first see that the cage is kept perfectly clean and well supplied with gravel or graveled paper for the birds to peck upon, and that the seed is of the very best quality, and that they are fed and given a bath at a regular hour each day, then birds, if kept from draughts of air, and fed on sugar, candy, figs, raisins, or cake, will sing from ten to eleven months out of the year. The poor German families keep birds for many years, but the wealthy people are apt to kill them with kindness. In cold weather they should be kept in a room where the temperature is even, and where the heat is not over 65 or 70 degrees during the day time nor below 45 or 50 degrees in the night. If no fire is kept during the night, in very severe wintry weather a newspaper should be secured over and around the top and outside of the cage, from bed time to sunrise, to keep the bird safely comfortable. At no season of the year should it be forgotten that they must not be placed in a draught. Asthma, or a sudden cold, often attacks them when the cause is not suspected.

Jennie Lind's Disappointment.

Speaking of the lessons of patience, helpfulness and perseverance which can be taught only by disappointment, the Australian Weekly tells the following incident in the early career of Jenny Lind. In her twenty-first year she came to Paris to take lessons from the great maestro, Signor Garcia. She had already taken a high place at Stockholm, having been made a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music in 1840, and court singer in the same year. When she waited on Signor Garcia that he might test her voice, before receiving her as a pupil, the trial was a complete failure. It was indeed a crushing blow when the maestro said: "It would be useless to teach you, mademoiselle; you have no voice left." She told Mendelssohn years afterwards that the anguish of that moment exceeded all that she had ever suffered in her whole life." Yet with a stout heart she determined to try again. Moved by her distress, Garcia said she might come to him again after six weeks, if during that time she gave her voice complete rest, not singing a single note, and speaking as little as possible. How did she spend those weary weeks? Knowing that if she succeeded she would have to sing one day in Italian and French, she devoted herself to the thorough study of those languages. Her next voice trial was a success, and thenceforward she rose rapidly into fame. That bitter disappointment was perhaps one of the most necessary parts of her training for her subsequent career.

His Idea of it.

Native (to young lady sketching)—Is't no a daft-like place this tae be takin' a view? There's no naething tae be seen for the trees. Noo, if ye was tae gang tae the tap o' Knockcreggan, that wad set ye fine! Ye can see five coonties frae there!

Have You the Toothache?

How exasperating, how depressing this malady is and how quickly and easily cured if you use Nerviline. One minute is the time required to obtain complete relief. Nerviline or Nerve Pain Cure.

No flattery, boy! An honest man can not live by it; it is a little sneaking art, which knaves use to cajole and soften fools withal.

"Remarkable Cure for Dropsy and Dyspepsia."—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes:—"In the spring of 1888 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk, my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size, all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your Vegetable Discovery which has done such wonders in my case.

ZOKKO

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

Cleans Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Clothes, Upholstering on Furniture, Silks, etc., of the most delicate tints, removing grease, dirt or stains and bringing the colors to their original tints with a rich, glossy appearance same as new.

ZOKKO is a sure destroyer of and preventative against moths. No taking up of carpets (except wool) or uncovering of furniture necessary. **ZOKKO** cleans silver and all metal ware; also ostrich feathers, straw goods, etc., etc. Instructions for using accompany each package.

Zokko Manufacturing Company,

69 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Culled From Dickens.

Even the press being human may be sometimes mistaken.

There are dark shadows on the earth, but its lights are stronger in the contrast.

But for some trouble and sorrow we should never know half the good there is about us.

Golden sun, golden sea, golden sails, golden leaves, golden love, golden youth,—a golden state of things altogether.

All good ends can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad, and may be counted so at once and left alone.

To strive at all involves a victory achieved over sloth, inertness, and indifference.

Mr. Henry Graham, Wingham, writes us: "For fifteen years I have suffered with indigestion, and during that time I could get nothing to give me relief, although I tried a great many different kinds of medicine recommended for that complaint. I now feel like a new man, and this wonderful change has been accomplished by the use of four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. To me it has been a valuable medicine."

To succeed in the world, it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool than to discover who is a clever man

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

Happy are they who can create a rose tree or erect a honeysuckle.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Ah! the soft starlight of virgin eyes.

Do you feel as though your friends had all deserted you, business calamities overwhelmed you, your body refusing to perform its duties, and even the sun had taken refuge behind a cloud? Then use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and hope will return and despondency disappear. Mr. R.H. Baker, Ingoldsby, writes: "I am completely cured of Dyspepsia that caused me great suffering for three years. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the medicine that effected the cure after trying many other medicines."

Women.

She that is loved is safe.

Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.

Honor women! They strew celestial roses on the pathway of our terrestrial life.

The maid that loves goes out to sea upon a shattered plank, and puts her trust in miracles for safety.

They say Fortune is a woman, and capricious. But sometimes she is a good woman, and gives to those who merit.

School is no place of education for any children whatever until their minds are well put in action. This is the work which has to be done at home, and which may be done in all homes where the mother is a sensible woman. This done, a good school is a source of inestimable advantage for cultivating the intellect, and aiding the acquisition of knowledge.

Parmelee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell, P.O., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

His tongue dropped manna, and could make the worse appear the better reason, to perplex and dash maturest counsels.

Differences of Opinion regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

The flower she touched on dipped and rose.

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Blood, are speedily removed be the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

How Queens Spend Their Time.

Though it might be thought that the royal ladies of Europe are very superior personages, a near acquaintance with them reveals the fact that they are after all very human, and women before all. A man who had travelled very extensively over the Continent took pains not so very long ago to find out what the favorite amusements of the women at the head of the great European governments were. He managed to unearth some little known peculiarities which are the more especially interesting for the reason that they never find mention in the court circulars or the letters of the foreign correspondents.

Queen Victoria has two hobbies which she pursues even now despite her feebleness. One is music, and the other languages. As a young princess the monarch of England was noted for her sweet voice and her excellent touch upon the piano. It is not at all exaggerating to say that in both these respects she was more than an extraordinarily good musician. Though rheumatism prevents her playing now, and she seldom sings, she still retains her love for harmony and enjoys nothing more than a quiet musical morning in the halls of Windsor.

A half a dozen of the European languages have been at her tongue's end for many years, but the one in which she has taken the most pride has been Plattdeutsch. She has a very thorough knowledge of this difficult dialect, and has read through many of the romances written in it, which are remarkably fine, but which have seldom been translated owing to the fact that their beauty and pith are lost in the change from one language to another.

Like her royal mother, Victoria Adelaide, now Dowager Empress of Germany, is a fine musician and she has made use of the melodies of her childhood to assuage the sorrows that the years have brought her. Not only has she been interested in musical matters ever since her girlhood, but she is also a very fair artist, and had she not been born to the purple there is little question, but that her painting would have brought name and fame.

Turning to Russia, the Dowager Empress Dagmar is an expert needle-woman and spends all of the time she can spare embrodering. There is hardly a family connected with the Russian royal house by marriage or kinship that has not some specimen of her handiwork. Her daughter in-law, the reigning Empress Alix, a very young woman, has developed no particular tastes as yet, nor for that matter has the present Empress of Germany, who has been absorbed ever since her marriage in her maternal duties.

Margherita, the Queen of Italy, is a keen theatrical critic and the patroness of everything relating to the stage. She also takes much interest in linguistic matters, and it is a point of etiquette with her to always address her visitors in their own tongues.

Cooking is the fad of the Crown Princess of Sweden and Norway, and there is a pleasing story to the effect that some years ago this royal young woman, while on a visit to Berlin went down into the great kitchens of the old palace, tucked up her dainty sleeves and started in making various concoctions for the old Kaiser, her grand-father, who was mightily tickled at the attention and enjoyed his meals during her visit more than he had for a long time previously.

Louise of Hesse-Cassel, reigning Queen of Denmark and the mother of the Princess of Wales and of the Dowager Empress of Russia, could easily become a professional milliner and make a great deal of money out of it. The innate taste of poking up a small bunch of ribbon and a sprig of flowers together so as to make what woman call a "confection" of a hat is hers, and has been for a good half century. All her daughters have to a certain extent inherited this taste, and the Princess of Wales in particular is indebted to her royal mother for the admirable taste she has always had relating to matters of personal adornment.

Years ago the Empress of Austria used to hunt unceasingly, and she kept it up until her health broke down. What was even more remarkable, she "broke" her own horses, and did it to such good effect that she became very nearly the best-mounted woman in all Europe. Since her health has failed she has devoted her energies largely to travelling and to studying modern Greek. The practical end of this latter is hardly evident, but it is certain that the Empress takes keen delight in it.

A Memory.

Last night, as I sat in the shadows
That gathered on woodland and hill,
I heard, ringing out in the distance,
A whistle, so clear and so shrill,

That it startled me from my dreaming;
Well I knew 'twas a lover's song
That was whistled in time to heart beats,
And hurried his footsteps along.

'Twas the old-time song, "Mollie Darling,"
And, over and over again,
The clear notes rang out in the distance
And echoed o'er hilltop and glen.

I wondered if she would be watching
And waiting for him at the gate,
And thinking how fondly she'd chide him
For being a few minutes late.

The notes died away in the distance,
I was humming the sweet refrain,
I was wiping away the tear-drops
And fighting the old-time pain.

I prided myself on forgetting,
But the notes of that dear, old tune
Had opened the floodgates of mem'ry
And brought back that far away June.

The years had rolled back, and I waited
To hear his dear whistle again,
The signal to tell he was coming
To greet me, my king among men!

"I have come to ask for your daughter's hand, Mr. Herrick," said young Waller, nervously.

"Oh—well, you can't have it," said Herrick. "I'm not doling out my daughter on the instalment plan. When you feel that you can support the whole girl you may call again."

SURPRISE SOAP — LASTS LONGEST GOES FARTHEST.

The cheapest Soap to Use.

Why

Don't You Use

Surprise Soap ?

IT does away with hard work—dont boil or scald the clothes nor give them the usual hard rubbing (See the directions on the wrapper).

It gives the whitest, sweetest, cleanest clothes after the wash.

It prevents wearing and tearing by harsh soaps and hard rubs. Rub lightly with **Surprise Soap,**—the dirt drops out. Harmless to hands and finest fabrics.

181 THE ST. CROIX SOAP MF'G. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Women and Beauty.

The intimate association of woman and beauty is no vain thing fondly imagined, but a fundamental interdependence that may be denied for a space, but can never be annihilated. So far the denial of this truth has only brought her to a condition of spurious growth and fantastic activity, which has in it neither the seed of the old peace nor of the new perfection. It has made of womanhood a thing of shreds and patches—shreds of misdirected energy and patches of misbegotten passion. Nor can she ever hope to become a whole and completed creature with "a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting," without the sense of proportion, which is the first element of beauty. She has striven for liberty, and already the keys of the gate of life are in her hand, but if she lacks the wit to make freedom fair, what will it avail her in the end? As yet she has not even knowledge enough to recognize her own in completeness, her unfitness for work and love alike. Labor that is neither continuous nor co-operative benefits none but the isolated individual, and the world could go on quite well, perhaps better, without it. Neither is the modern woman a greater expert at love. At present she is apt to take it as she has her shoes mended, "while you wait," and when she discovers what a formless, colorless thing is this casual Cupid, she jeers at the sentiment of which it is but the shadow's shade. For love can never be lovely unless the desire of beauty dwells in the soul of the woman who loves. And only through the development of this desire will the redemption of woman be wrought out.

This creed may seem at first sight to be nothing more than a diaphanous doctrine, fashioned of the stuff that dreams are made of. But a brief study of the principles of beauty will show that the pursuit of it is by no means incompatible with the conditions of practical life. The service of beauty is not an activity, but an attitude of heart and mind which, being a subjective influence, touches the personality of a woman rather than her deeds or words. Once in possession of this sixth sense, this exquisite consciousness, even the least beautiful of women may become fair, good alike to the sight and the soul.

Home.

I am not an alarmist. If every bank were to break I wouldn't lose a cent, and I could walk home. I have got two shoulders of meat in the smoke-house, and clothes to last six months.

We've got to get back to headquarters—home—to find out the trouble. Home ought to be the brightest, happiest and cherriest place under the sun, on the face of the earth.

Every man shows what he thinks of his wife and children by the kind of home he puts them in. A man whose home is all out of whack, the blinds down and the doors off the hinges, the steps rotten—that shows his character. The husband shows his character by the exterior of his home; the wife by the interior. I don't see how some men can keep pious on what they get three times a day. Spurgeon includes all human miseries under "dirt, devil, debt." I have been in houses where they had twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of silverware and fifteen cents' worth of grub. I would like to be able to digest silver, but I can't. I like girls who can play on the stove as well as on the piano. Many a man has been sent to a drunkard's grave by what he has been given to eat by his wife. You give a man a biscuit that will knock down a yearling, and he's got to have a drink or something else before night.

If you've got a good wife, a good home and a good cow, you are elected, as the Presbyterians say.—Sam Jones.

With many, life is like a kettle of sap in maple sugar time, each bubble trying to swell up bigger than the other, until it bursts.

Happy the Girl With a Brother.

The girl who has grown up among girls alone, who has had no brothers and—terrible loss of a delightful intimacy—no brother's friends, is very sincerely to be pitied. Her mind in this case may be wholly feminine; in it there is no touch of comprehension of the masculine. Yet she may marry, and have to learn by experience what she might have known by a kind of instinct—that men are not the same as women. It is impossible for a man to realize how deeply wounded such a girl may be before she learns to accept facts as they are. Before the honeymoon is over she discovers what she considers an unaccountable want of sympathy on the part of her husband. In all matters relating to herself he is still genuinely interested, but the home letters seem to bore him, or he shows frankly that he is only interested in them because she is reading them aloud to him. He forgets things she tells him about her friends, and is curiously inattentive to details. He even leaves the little pin that she bought as a surprise for him lying carelessly about, and when she makes him up a flower for his buttonhole laughs and asks her if she wants to make him look like 'Arry out for a holiday. She discovers that one of the silk handkerchiefs which she herself embroidered with his initials has been used to clean out a pipe. She hides her feelings, but she is so used to enlarging the importance of little things that these seem to betray the fact that her husband does not care for her as he did. When the honeymoon is over and they are settled at home the same want is apparent. For one thing, the man never says he loves her as he did at first. He may show it in a hundred ways that are far more costly than words, but a woman who is wholly a woman and nothing more wants words. She is always imagining things. She wants him, and him alone, but he often goes off for a whole day hunting or shooting and seems to enjoy it, though she is not there. The bitter thought that she is learning by experience that "a man's love but a part of man's life is," makes her miserable, and if she is a jealous woman she will end by making every one else in the household miserable, too. But if she is sensible the heartache will die away; she will get to understand her husband, and learn herself to become self-controlled, and refrain from worrying him about the small matters that up till then have formed her world. She will gain self-control, and her love will teach her the rest. She may feel in her heart that the woman's part in married life is the harder, but she will accept it, and be braced in both mind and heart. The girl with brothers will probably learn her lesson before marriage; she knows that men are different from women, neither better nor worse, but different, and she will have no cherished ideals to overturn in the honeymoon.

Asked of Housekeepers.

Do you know:

Hot alum-water will drive away croton-bugs?

Soap-bark, boiled in water, will remove grease from woolen materials?

Gasolene will perfectly cleanse silk?

Chloroform will take ink stains from wool?

Camphor takes out many stains from wool?

Salt is the best cleaner of greasy kitchen utensils?

A dish of water near a lamp will prove a trap for moths?

Fresh raw meat is the best bait for mice traps?

A lamp should be filled quite full every day, and thus used will burn one wick many times as long as if it were only filled with oil when absolutely required?

The coldest place in the ice-box is underneath the ice, not on top of it?

"A pint's a pound" only in butter and granulated sugar?

In recipes, "one teaspoonful" means rounded up as much above the spoon as the bowl rounds below?

A hot cloth around the mold will help jelly or ices to come from it without sticking?

A whisk-broom should be used for sweeping stairs?

Wicker furniture may be renovated when soiled, by washing with salt-water?

You can make your own—and stronger—mucilage by buying glue and dissolving it in water?

Gloves should never be mended with silk, but with colored cotton thread?

A tooth-brush should always stand so that it may drain when not in use?

A hair brush should be frequently washed in ammonia-water, and dried by standing it on its bristles in the sun?

A dish-cloth may be crocheted from white cord?

Let the Children be Their Own Servants.

Encourage the little ones to wait upon themselves. Do not say, "Let me hang up your coat and hat; you cannot reach the hook." But place the hook within reach of their short arms. By such simple methods are children trained in the habits or orderliness, self-reliance and willingness to serve others as well as to wait upon themselves.

"If the new woman is a little too breezy and pronounced in her manner and opinion, a little too large in her ambitions and too fond of clubs and receptions, be not alarmed! Larger experience, the criticisms that she cannot escape and the attritions of life will modify her present peculiarities. No being has ever been made worse by too much honest happiness. 'Be happy and you will be good' is quite as true as the old maxim, which is the reverse, 'Be good and you will be happy.'"

SOME PEOPLE

Walk About Hermetically Sealed in the Old Style of Rubber Waterproof Coats.

OTHERS

Up to Date People, wear

RIGBY

Porous Waterproof Coats. Which will YOU have.

Bridal Costume.

Dr. John G. Paton, missionary to the South Sea Islands, describes the dress of a native bride on her first appearance at church, after the ceremony. Perhaps those who "follow the fashions" will like to make a note of the various garments for future reference, though hardly for imitation.

Her bridal gown was a man's drab-colored great-coat, put on above her native grass skirts, and sweeping down to her heels, buttoned tight. Over this she had hung on a vest, and above that again, most amazing of all, she had donned a pair of men's trousers, drawing the body over her head, and leaving a leg dangling gracefully over each of her shoulders and streaming down her back.

Fastened to one shoulder was a red shirt, and to the other a striped one, waving about her like wings, as she sailed along. About her head a red shirt had been twisted like a turban, and her notions of art demanded that a sleeve thereof should hang aloft over each of her ears.

She seemed to be a moving monster, loaded with a mass of rags. The day was exceedingly hot and perspiration poured over her face in streams. Her husband looked at me and then at her, as if to say: "You never saw, in all your white world, a bride so grandly dressed."

"Are these berries just the same at the bottom of the box as they are on top?" asked Mrs. Hunnimune. "Yes, indeed, 'm, replied the vender. And he told the truth. The box was only one layer of berries deep.

"Here's a musical salesman advertised for. Why don't you apply, Ned?" "I? Why, I'm not musical." "Perhaps not; but I notice that you can blow your own horn, you're familiar with bars, your remarks are full of slurs, you're always giving notes; and all the rest."

The Fly Nuisance.

The Indian Medical Record gives the following advice regarding the fly nuisance:

Expose a little oil of bay in a saucer on your window-sills, or coat your doors and windows with any color of paint you like, into which even as little as four per cent. of oil of bay has been stirred, and not a fly will enter your house.

Jagwell:—"What makes that hen in your back yard cackle so loud?" Wigway:—"Oh, they've just laid a cornerstone across the street, and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it."

Hotel-keeper. "I wish you might give me some idea for a taking advertisement of my hotel." Advertising Agent. "Have you mosquitoes?" Hotel-keeper. "Well, of course we have one or two." Advertising Agent. "Then advertise that fact. You might say that at the outside limit you have only two mosquitoes, and that guests desiring to use them must apply two months in advance."

A GREAT MEDICINE.

Cod-liver Oil is useful beyond any praise it has ever won, and yet few are willing or can take it in its natural state. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not offensive; it is almost palatable.

Children like it. It is Cod-liver Oil made more effectual, and combined with the Hypophosphites its strengthening and flesh-forming powers are largely increased.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.

Health For The Mother Sex.

COMPOUND

MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND (price 75c) cures Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, and all weaknesses of the female sex.

The periodic pains to which every woman is liable are perfectly controlled and the dreaded time passes by almost unnoticed. Ladies who suffer from uterine troubles must of necessity turn to the most reliable help, and thousands testify that MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND is that ready and sure cure. Letters from suffering women addressed to the "A.M.C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "personal" will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk, and will not go beyond the hands of one of the "Mother Sex." Druggists everywhere sell MILES' (Canadian) VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Price 75c.

Deafness Among School Children.

The fact that myopia is frequent among school children is well known. It is not so well known that impaired hearing is also frequently met with. The children thus affected are often accused of being lazy and inattentive, when in reality their ears are at fault. Helot shows that these cases are quite common, are easily recognized, are generally curable and when cured a large number of the children are transformed, so to speak, both from a physical and a moral standpoint. According to Weil of Stuttgart, the proportion of school children with impaired hearing is 35 per cent.; according to Moure of Bordeaux, 17 per cent. Helot agrees with Gelle and other aurists that the proportion is almost 25 per cent., or one-fourth. All the children in a class should be carefully examined and these semi-deaf pupils will always be found among the "poor scholars." The cause of the infirmity is to be sought for—naso-pharyngeal catarrh following measles, scarlatina, whooping-cough, adenoid vegetations, hypertrophied tonsils, etc.—and normal conditions are to be restored by appropriate treatment.

A Convenient Cupboard.

Now that the finishing of the modern dining-room almost always includes a high wooden wainscoting, a ready-made support is at hand which might well tempt the amateur carpenter to try his or her 'prentice hand at making a corner cupboard.

Where space is cramped a cupboard of this sort could take place of the ordinary sideboard, as it is not supported from the floor, and would therefore not occupy room needed for other furniture.

It may be of any size desired, but that most in use measures about four and a half feet in height and thirty inches across. Make the sides of common pine, and fit them closely into the corner, bracing well with cleats of wood. It is very important that these side supports should be strong, especially at the top, as the weight is considerable even when the closet is empty.

A three-cornered pine board forms the bottom, and a similar one closes in the top, while a movable shelf an inch in thickness divides the whole into two compartments.

If the doors are entirely of wood, they may be stained and polished and ornamented with linerusta, which has the appearance of carving, and is easy to apply; or, which is handsomer, glass in leaded panes might be set in the framework, at least of the upper part, giving the old-time effect which is considered desirable just now.

Cover the back, which will be visible if the doors are of glass, with folds of soft yellow silk, as pretty china shows to great advantage against this background; and screw small brass hooks into the under part of the board which forms the top of the cupboard, to hold the cups which are not in every-day use.

The lower compartment may be used for the dishes that are not so ornamental, or even for sweets or cake, or the bottle of wine on which it is wise to turn a key.

Our Secret Standards.

Consciously or unconsciously, in our secret places we set up our ideals. These are our standards, which we begin to grow toward while we are yet unaware of the process. It is like the tiny seedling to which the child who plants it gives the support of a string, which leads it toward the pole it is not yet strong enough to twine about. And, generally unconsciously, as we grow we change these standards, supplanting them by better ones as we approach them nearly and find them inadequate to our needs. We must do this. Our little vine has grown. The string which was sufficient while it was weak is not enough for the sturdy vine. We must continue to do this, as we must give our little vine a taller and yet taller pole to climb upon when we find it has arrived nearly at the top of the pole we set up last year. And it is the straightness of the pole, its height, and its direction which determine the size, the shape, and the beauty of the vine, whose guide and helper and pattern it was, so it is the slow adaptation of years of growth toward this ideal which we are (blindly, it may be) trying to copy which creates the whole character, inevitably forming it good or bad, high or low, according to the character of the standards we have set up in our hearts. Therefore let us beware of the low standard, let us at least aim high. Aspiration toward the best is possible for us all.

USE **Fry's**

Chocolates and Cocoas.

100

PRIZE MEDALS

Fear of Thunder and Lightning.

People who are terrified by thunder and lightning lose a great deal of enjoyment. It may not be possible for every one to help being afraid when the sky is black with clouds and the lightning's flash, but it is within the power of most people to control the expression of fright. Once or twice having resolutely refrained from showing your terror, you will be surprised and pleased to find the terror itself lessening.

We know persons who go through life in a sort of bondage to fear of various kinds. They tremble and turn pale, or grow hysterical and cry, when the dark clouds gather and the thunders roll. There is a pretty German hymn which begins:

"It thunders, but I tremble not,
My trust is firm in God,
His arm of strength I've ever sought
Through all the way I've trod."

We advise all of you who heed the advice to remember that God rules in the heavens, and his hand sends the storm. Trust in God when you are afraid—really trust, and you will grow calm and be happy. Another gain of comfort may be found in the fact that when you see the bright zigzagging flash and hear the rumbling thunder, the danger for you is over. You will never see or hear the electric current which hurts or kills. It is far too swift to wait and warn you in that way.

George—You would marry the biggest fool in the world, if he asked you, wouldn't you? Ethel—Oh, George, this is so sudden!

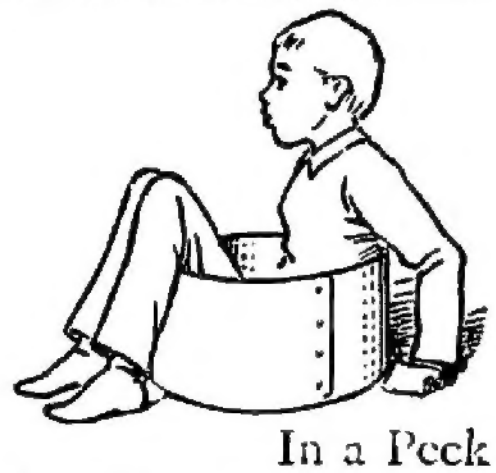
Football Championship for 1895.

The knowing ones are speculating on the football possibilities of the season. Ottawa is not likely to retain the honors of the championship, as Queen's will put in a team sure to smash all records. It is often the case that very slight causes will lose a victory. It is stated that a painful corn made useless one of the best American players. It follows that no team can hope to win this year that neglects to supply its members with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, and painless remedy for corns.

Nothing is so atrocious as fancy without taste.

"Oh, dear!" fretted Lou, rushing into the house one of the first hot days of spring, "the bumble-bees have come, and I just hate 'em!"

"I don't hate bees," said little May; "I love 'em 'cause they hatch out honey."



In a Peck

of trouble—the woman who washes without *Pearline*. Her work is never done, and it's never done well. With *Pearline* she can do twice as much, and have it done better. There is little work, less wear, never the least harm. Try *Pearline*, and see it go for dirt; when you see dirt, go for *Pearline*.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back*. 285 JAMES PYLE, N.Y

What the Ladies' Require.

By looking at advertisement inside front cover will be seen a cut of one of the most useful articles that has ever been placed on the market, "Woven perfect fitting Skirt Bands," enabling anyone to make their own under skirts perfect in fit and shape without any difficulty, and at a great saving of time, trouble and expense. They can be had in two makes "Quorna" and "Tendimus," the former is woven throughout, the latter has an elastic heading which is quite an advantage. Sample pieces of the "Quorna" will be distributed in the Main Building during the Industrial Exhibition, which will show the merits of the article. Ask your dry goods merchant for them. If he has not got them request him to write to the sole agents for Canada, Messrs. W. R. Brock & Co., Toronto, for a sample lot. They can be retailed at 20 and 25 cents each.

PURE INDIA AND CEYLON TEAS

Our 40c. Tea is Unequalled for Strength, Purity and Flavor.

On receipt of P. O. Order for the amount, we will deliver 10 lbs. of our Teas, carriage paid, at any railway station in Ontario or Quebec.

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO.,

India and Ceylon Tea Merchants,

63½ KING STREET WEST,

TORONTO, ONT.

PHRENOLOGY—Lessons in French and Higher Mathematics. Mrs. Mondon, 247 Gerrard St. East.

CARDS FOR 1895. 50 Sample Styles AND LIST OF 400 PREMIUM ARTICLES FREE. DAVERFIELD PUB. CO. CADIZ, OHIO

DETECTIVE We want a man in every locality to act as private Detective under instructions. Experience unnecessary. Send for particulars. National Detective Bureau, Indianapolis, Ind.

"PARLOR LECTURES TO LADIES."

A brilliant up-to-date book on HEALTH and BEAUTY contains much wholesome advice and many excellent recipes for women. Postpaid for One Dollar.

ONTARIO SUPPLY CO., Toronto.

SEND stamp for sample sheet of beautiful Cards, and agents' outfit, also circulars of new and useful agents' Household Goods. Big profits. Write now to

EXCELSIOR CARD & NOVELTY CO., Ingersoll, Ont

WORK FOR YOU THAT PAYS.

Any unemployed man or woman can make money with us. One agent made $15,000 in only two cities. As people will have the article when they once see it, those without experience sell as many as old hands. For all particulars, address with stamp

PEERLESS COOKER CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

- FREE - AND - GIFTS.

TEASPOONS will give any person 1 doz. Teaspoons, Heavy Silver plated, elegant design, warranted to wear who will sell 1 doz. of our beautiful pictures among friends at 25 cts. each. Write us and we will Mail you the pictures. You sell them and send us the money, and we will mail you the 1 doz. lovely spoons. Great Western Supply House, Chicago, Ill.

R. A. PRECOURST

GENERAL WAX WORKER.

BODIES IN PAPIER MACHE.
HEADS—For Show Windows.

The Highest Class Work in the Dominion.

Write for particulars.

168 Cadieux Street - Montreal

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How to Get

"SUNLIGHT"

. . . BOOKS.

Send 12 Sunlight Wrappers, or 6 "Lifebuoy" Wrappers to

LEVER BROS. Ltd., 43 Scott St., Toronto

and they will send you a useful paper-bound Book, 160 pages.

LIFEBUOY ROYAL DISINFECTANT SOAP

This Soap kills all disease germs and is most valuable in its action on the skin or clothes.

ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE

441 Yonge St. and 1 Carlton St., Toronto, Canada. Telephone 2498.

HEAD COVERING FOR LADIES WITH LITTLE HAIR.

Ladies' Waves, with hair-nce parting, straight or Wavey Hair on back $7, $8, $9, $10, according to size.
Small Waves, no hair on back, $5, $6 and $7.
Ladies' Curly Bang with or without parting, hair on back of Bang, $4, $6 and $8 to $15.
Ladies' Plain Parting or straight hair in front, with hair falling over the back, $3, $5, $7 and $10.

.... SWITCHES ....

Made of Long Hair. Short Stem, best quality. Length and prices as follows:—

16 inches, long hair,	$3	22 inches, long hair,	$6
18 " " "	$4	24 " " "	$7
20 " " "	$5	26 " " "	$8

28 and 30 inches, long hair $10.

.... WIG MAKING A SPECIALTY ....
Highest World's Fair Award.

Wigs for Ladies and Gentlemen. Toupees and Scalplets made to order on short notice, perfect fit guaranteed. You need not come to Toronto, we can suit you with perfect fit. Just apply to us and we will instruct you how to take the measure correctly. We can improve on natural appearance.

This cut shows a beautiful Style of Bang, with or without parting. Price $5.00 and $7.00.

This cut shows a Handsome Little Style of Pompadour Bang. Price $6.00 and $7.00.

When Ordering Goods, we beg our customers to forward plain full address and instruction particularly for hair goods, send sample of your hair, state style and price. Every order must be accompanied with amount, and if possible send by registered letter. Any style not satisfactory will be exchanged if returned within a few days.

.... NO MORE GREY HAIR ....

Use Armand's Instantaneous Grey Hair Restorer, the wonder of the age, in 10 different colors. You can wash your hair after and it will not come off. Most natural shades. Easy to apply, harmless as water. Analyzed and highest award obtained at the World's Fair, 1893. Price, $3.00, 2 Boxes, $5. Send sample of your hair and we will send you the right color.

Armand's Eau d'Or, for dull and colorless hair. A most reliable preparation for tightening and lightening the hair, without bleaching it. Makes the hair grow. Innocent as water. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

J. Trancle-Armand & Co.

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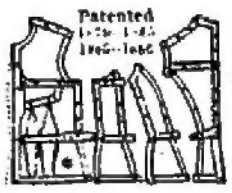

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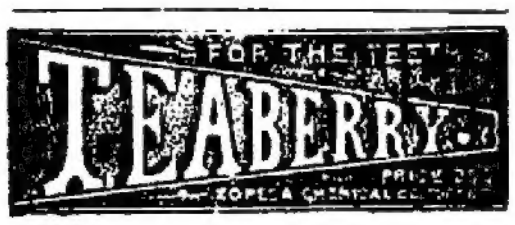

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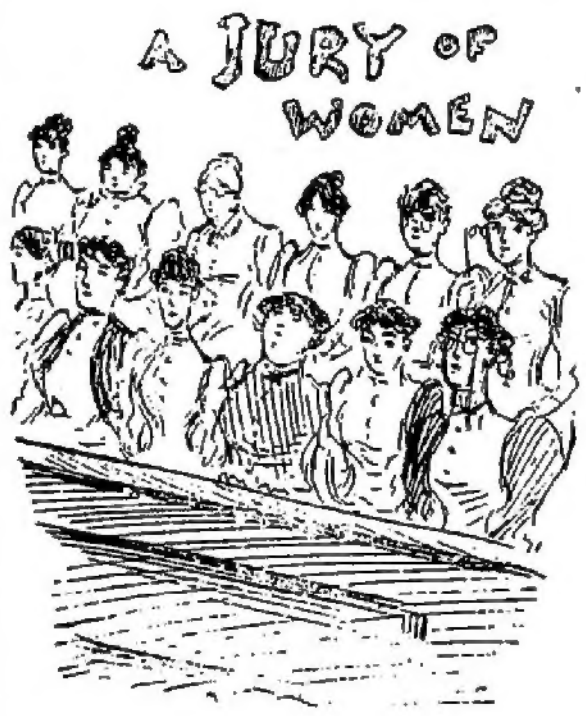

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